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WELCOME HOME TO THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

BURIED IN OAK HILL CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 9, 1883.

Oh, dews and flowers of splendid June
With pearls and garlands grace his tomb
Who taught Milan's dear maid the tune
That times the whole world's loving feet,
To which all golden hearts shall beat,
Where'er they wait or weep or roam,
Of "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

Our mariner on the Spanish main,
The tattered miner in his tent,
The wanderer on the throbbing plain
Where yellow noons by simoons wheeled
Smite Desolation's flinty shield,
A second bow of hope is bent
In "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

And when to bugle and the blast
Where battle turns the lilies red,
Through flashing columns standing fast
The soldier cuts his narrow lane
That lets him through to Glory's fane
He hears an angel overhead
Sing "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

The weary traveler who waits
In twilight's dim and drear abode
The opening of the pearly gates
That some faint ray or friendly star
May shine abroad through doors ajar
And show his fading eyes the road,
Sighs "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

A camp of blue, a camp of gray,
A peaceful river rolled between,
Were pitched two rifle shots away;
The sun had set the west aglow,
The evening clouds were crimson snow,
The twinkling camp fires faintly seen
Across the dark'ning river.

Then floated from the Federal band
The "Spangled Banner's" starry strain,
The grays struck up their "Dixie Land,"
And "Rally Round" and "Bonny Blue"
And "Red and White" alternate flew—
Ah, no such flights shall cross again
The Rappahannock river!

And then, over the glancing "beam
Of song," a bugle warbled low,
Like some bird startled from a dream,
"Home, Home, Sweet Home," and voices rang
And gray and blue harmonious sang—
All other songs were like the snow
Among the pines when winds are stilled,
And hearts and voices throbbed and thrilled
With "Home, Sweet Home" forever.
No matter what the flag unfurled
Ah, Dulce Domum rules the world!

Sweet singer of the song of men,
Thou comest late to claim thy own,
But when the daisies rise again
Arrayed in all thy borrowed dust,
The world will hold thy words in trust
And ages chant from zone to zone
Thy "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

The Memnon murmured song, they thought,
When dawning day his lips impressed
And flushing marble warmed and caught
The sweet Ionic of the Greek—
Ah, truer far thy lips shall speak
Nor wait the touch of sun or stars
For thee the night time has no bars—
Welcome, dear heart, and take thy rest
At "Home, Sweet Home" forever.

—*Benjamin F. Taylor.*

THE HEIRESS.

Adele Fayton gave a vexed little toss of her head—a gesture intended to be awfully annihilating to Mr. Harry Browne, standing on the lower step of the piazza at the Seaside house.

"Very well, go, of course, Mr. Browne, if you prefer; but really, I think it is too bad of you."

"Of course it is," added pretty Miss Hunter, with the golden locks and baby blue eyes that were considered irresistible by the generality of the sterner sex. "Of course it is too bad, when you know that to a dozen ladies stopping at the Seaside there are only such a few gentlemen. I know what the trouble is, though, don't I, Mr. Browne? You are tired of us—the same over and over—and you are reserving your forces until the much-talked of and anxiously expected beauty and heiress arrives upon the scene."

Harry turned lazily round and smiled.

"I am afraid I shall have to incur a great risk in contradicting a lady," he said, good-humoredly.

Haughty Adele Fayton flashed him a half-indignant, half-sarcastic glance from her black eyes and said:

"And when this heiress has arrived, I daresay Mr. Browne will lose all his interest in his solitary boat rides and fishing excursions, while we forlorn maidens get through the day as well as we can, for lonesomeness. Mr. Browne, you are selfish."

"Well, yes, rather, if always wanting the best of everything concerned is what you call selfish. But I will redeem my character by proving to you that which will doubtless set your hearts at rest. I don't believe in your wonderful coming beauty and heiress to begin with, and in the second place, I would commit hari-kari before I'd marry an heiress. Now am I vindicated?"

He bowed and walked off, just a little to the discomfiture of the ladies on the piazza—went off to the beach where his boat and fishing tackle awaited him, with more of a disgusted, impatient look on his face than was customary with him.

"What a lot of idiots a fellow comes across in the course of his life! Because a lot of pretty girls lose their heads when a wealthy beau comes along, they argue, with a woman's senseless persistency, that the men are as mercenary as themselves. Marry an heiress! not if she were as beautiful as —as Venus, and every word she dropped was transmitted into a ko-hi-noor!"

Mr. Browne pushed off in his surf-boat, dashing and plunging through the breakers like a sailor, born and bred. He rowed out a mile or two to another fishing boat containing a couple of barefooted boys eight and ten, with wide-brimmed hats, and bright, tanned faces and brown eyes. A tall lad of sixteen, worried and anxious-looking, who was evidently dismayed at the increasing swell of the sea, and the freshening south wind, was of this company, and also a young girl with lovely dark gray eyes—grave and thoughtful, yet bright and flashing as she looked at Harry while he rowed nearer and nearer in response to the hallo of the boys.

A decidedly nice-looking girl, hardly what one would call handsome, and yet the pure, fair complexion, ever so lightly suntanned, the scarlet mouth so tightly closed, the waving, deep gold-colored hair, thickly braided and hanging down to her waist, and the glorious gray eyes made a whole that Harry Browne quite thoroughly admired as he pulled alongside and spoke to her.

"You seem to be in some difficulty," he remarked, touching his hat, courteously.

She bowed.

"Joe is rather demoralized, I think. There is no danger, is there?" Harry glanced at Joe's scared face, and the restless antics of the boys in the tiny boat.

"If you had a man in charge who knew his business there would be no shadow of danger. As it is this young man has no excuse for venturing so far out."

"We were fishing," she said, in a pleasant, apologetic way, "and didn't realize how far we had gone. Well," with a troubled look that was more anxiety than fear, "we must do the best we can. Perhaps you would tell Joe what to do with the boat."

Harry replied: "If you will allow me to exchange places with your pilot I will row you ashore. I am Harry Browne, of ——, brokers, —— street, at present stopping at the Seaside house."

"You are very kind, Mr. Browne, and I will thankfully accept you offer. My name is May Harper."

She laughed as if the oddness of the mutual introduction amused her, and Harry made up his mind that she was the very nicest girl he had met in many a day.

"Well, then, Joe, you jump in here and row yourself to shore. You won't have any trouble to take yourself only, will you?"

The alacrity with which the lad changed from the Bella to the Sadie was sufficient answer, and neither Harry nor Miss Harper could help smiling as Joe put for the shore.

"I dare say he thought it was all right," May said, apologetically.

"He'd no business to think so, though. Shall I take you straight back, Miss Harper, or would you rather fish awhile longer?"

"If you please, I will go back. Aunt Jane will be worried about me."

She leaned against the side of the boat, trailing her hand in the water, while the two children sat quiet as mice, watching Harry with awe and admiration as he pulled long, steady strokes that sent them spinning along, while Harry thought:

"She is the most sensible girl I ever came across. Pretty, modest, dignified, pleasant, with no sham reserve about her, any more than too much freedom. And what a thorough lady she is! I know it as well as if I had met her a thousand times."

And May, sitting opposite him, watching the water as it danced and sparkled, thought if ever there was a true gentlemen in manner, speech and action, it was this hands ome stranger who was rowing her to shore.

"Will you tell me opposite to which hotel I am to row you?" he said, as, after a most delightful hour's conversation, he rested on his oars and waited her commands.

She laughed.

"Oh, no, not at any hotel. I am stopping at one of the fishermen's cottages, about two miles further down, on your left."

Harry was delighted with the prospect of continuing with her.

"Yes, I know where you mean. The place we call Sandy Beach."

"Yes; and you can't imagine how lovely it is there—old-fashioned, rather crowded quarters, to be sure, but with not the faintest vestige of anything like fun or style."

"And you actually are boarding there, Miss Harper? Why didn't you come to one of the hotels—the Seaside, for instance? It's a nice house, and pleasant company is there."

May smiled.

"Not I. I came to the seashore to enjoy myself and get away from fashion and dress and tiresome people."

"And you have succeeded in enjoying yourself at Sandy Beach?"

"Admirably, these four weeks. You are the first devotee of the world that I have seen since I came here."

Her dark gray eyes sparkled mischievously as she gave a glance across at him.

"Is that really so? I hope, then, you will not condemn yourself to such isolation any longer—at least from me, May I join in your solitary amusement, Miss Harper?"

A faint flush crept softly over her rare pale face as she said:

"I am not sure Will and Ben will agree to such an arrangement. They are my inseparable companions in my rambles," and she looked at the two little lads.

Harry gravely produced a handful of pennies which he gave them.

"Now, young gentlemen, may I escort you and Miss Harper on a charming excursion I know of to-morrow?"

"I must make it conditional, then," said May, laughing. "Promise me you won't tell any one there is anybody down at Sandy Beach, will you? Occasionally fishing parties come to arrange with Uncle John—I call them Uncle John and Aunt Jane Jackson—horrible, isn't it?—but I always contrive that no one sees me, for I am determined not to be drawn into society this summer, if can help it. I don't want to see company."

"But you don't regard me as company?"

"No," she replied, "I don't regard you as company."

After that it was all up with Harry Browne, and he went back to the Seaside house acknowledging that he was in love at last, and with an unknown, obscure girl, who, doubtless for other reasons than her dislike for society, perhaps for pecuniary reasons, was staying at Sandy Beach. He liked her all the better for it; he honored her good sense, and he fell over head and ears in love.

The next three weeks were the most blessed ones he ever had spent in his life. He disgusted Adele Fayton and her friends daily by his persistent neglect of them. He continued his solitary excursions—solitary till he came to Sandy Beach, where May was always ready to accompany him, or entertain him, or bewitch him, until one day he told her he loved her dearly, and that it was the one wish of his life to have her for his wife.

And May, with her soft eyes shaded with the tenderness of love and trust unspeakable, looked in his handsome face and told him she had loved him from the moment he had rowed up beside her that summer day.

As he took her in his arms and imprinted a lover's kiss on her red lips and put his arm around her slim waist, his heart gave great throbs of thanksgiving for this blessing on him.

* * * * *

The piazza of the Seaside house was a bewildering, bright scene, with the gayly-dressed girls standing in earnest conversation as Harry Browne came up to the house.

Adele Fayton tossed her pretty dark head saucily.

"There! Didn't I say Mr. Browne would be on hand to greet the heiress? You men can't withstand such a golden temptation. Mr. Browne, she has arrived at last."

"She? Who?"

Adele laughed sarcastically.

"There isn't the least use in your pretending you don't know what I mean. You know I mean the heiress."

Harry smiled—a sort of pity coming over him as he remembered how much happier he was than the one who should be fortunate with this wonderful newcomer.

"Yes, I really had forgotten. Arrived, has she?"

Bertha Hunter went up to him in her gushing manner.

"I prophesy you will be the very first to go wild over her. She is just what I imagine you will like. Great, dark-gray eyes and the goldenest hair; and so romantic; I wonder you never came across her in your solitary rambles. She has been staying down at old Jackson's cottage all summer; but then May Harper always had curious ideas. At all events, she is here now, and I am dying to introduce you, Mr. Browne."

He stood confounded for a moment while he tried to realize it.

May, his darling, the heiress whom he had declared he would rather commit suicide than marry? May, in her cheap, blue flannel suits, with no gloves or veil on her hands or face, she the great heiress whose movements and sayings were chronicled in the daily papers—whose dresses were copied by less favored mortals, whose presence was as welcome as the sunshine?'

"And she is pretty, too," Adele Fayton said, a little venomously, as if it were quite a shame. "I saw her as she went to her room."

Harry glanced composedly up at the array of faces and said:

"I am glad you think May is pretty. I think she is the loveliest girl living. So you did not know that I was engaged to her?'

There followed a lull in the merry chatter that eloquently expressed the dumbfounded astonishment of Harry's announcement.

Cutting the Hair.

Dr. Shoemaker says it may be that cutting and shaving may for the time increase the action of the growth, but it has no permanent effect either upon the hair bulb or hair sac, and will not in any way add to the life of the hair. On the contrary, cutting and shaving will cause the hair to grow longer for the time being, but in the end will inevitably shorten its term of life by exhausting the nutritive action of the hair-forming apparatus. When the hairs are frequently cut they will usually become coarse, often losing the beautiful gloss of the fine and delicate hairs. The pigment will likewise change—brown, for instance, becoming chestnut, and black changing to a dark brown. In addition, the ends of very many will be split and ragged, presenting a brush-like appearance. If the hairs appear stunted in their growth upon portions of the scalp or beard, or gray hairs crop up here and there, the method of the clipping off the ends of the short hairs, or plucking out the ragged, withered and gray hairs, will allow them to grow stronger, longer and thicker. Mothers, in rearing their children, should not cut their hair at certain periods of the year (during the superstitious period of full moon), in order to increase its length and luxuriance as they bloom into womanhood and manhood. This habit of cutting the hair of children brings evil in place of good, and is also condemned by the distinguished worker in this department, Professor Kaposi, of Vienna, who states that it is well known that the hair of women who possess luxuriant locks from the time of girlhood never again attains its original length after having once been cut. Pincus has made the same observation by frequent experiment, and he adds that there is a general opinion that frequent cutting of the hair increases its length; but the effect is different from that generally supposed. Thus, upon one occasion he stated that he cut off circles of hair an inch in diameter on the heads of healthy men, and from week to week compared the intensity of growth of the shorn place with the rest of the hair. The result was surprising to this close and careful observer, as he found in some cases the numbers were equal, but generally the growth became slower after cutting, and he has never observed an increase in rapidity. I might also add that I believe many beardless faces and baldheads in middle and advancing age are often due to constant cutting and shaving in early life. The young girls and boys seen daily upon our streets with their closely-cropped heads, and the young men with their clean-shaven faces, are year by year by this fashion having their hair-forming apparatus strained.

Spare Legs.

A little girl was standing at the depot to see her father and a gentleman friend off, when she suddenly observed to her father, referring to his friend, who was tall and lank, "If the cars run off the track and any legs must be broke, I hope they'll be Mr. H's." "What's that for?" said the startled H. "Because," she added, artlessly, "Aunt Mary says you have a pair of spare legs." The "All aboard!" of the conductor prevented any explanation.

LIFE AMONG THE MEXICANS.

CURIOUS SIGHTS WHICH MEET A STRANGER'S EYE.

Leading a Life of Leisure—The Mexcan Adobe Huts—The People and Their Habits—What the Women Wear.

A Garcia (Mexico) correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* writes: Many things strike with a pleasing sense of novelty on the eye and ear of one who, coming straight from the busy haunts of more civilized man, finds himself for the first time in the streets of one of the smaller Mexican towns. The houses, to begin with, are unlike anything he has left behind him. Flat-roofed, one-storied edifices, they are, for the most part, built of "adobe," or sun-dried mud bricks. The poorer ones have no opening except the one door leading from the street, and the cool gloom of their interiors contrasts pleasantly with the fierce glare outside. The better class ones are plastered and whitewashed or painted dull pink or purple or yellow, or ornamented with designs much resembling wall-paper, and giving the house the appearance of having been turned inside out. All windows have projecting frames heavily barred with wood or protected by iron gratings. The space above doors and windows is often tastefully decorated with designs in raised plaster, and the great wooden gates which close the entrance to the "patio," or inner court, round which all better-class houses are built, are often quaintly and richly carved.

Very quiet and strangely free from all appearance of hurry and harsh noises are the streets. Carts are very few and far between, and those that do make their appearance, at long intervals, are heavy two-wheeled wooden vehicles, drawn by one or more yoke of oxen, and their gentle rumbling, as they are slowly dragged along, can hardly be termed a noise, certainly not a harsh one. The streets are sandy, for the most part, and the foot passengers lightly shod, many of them in sandals and the younger ones barefooted, and all these make little or no noise as they pass quietly to and fro. Neither can the church bells ringing for matins and even-song be strictly called a noise.

No one seems in a hurry in these places. And why should they be? The necessaries of life are few and very cheap, and the extra dollars needed for the Sunday cock-fight or the weekly game of "monte" of the men, and the fan or comb or silver shawl-pin of the women, easily earned, and so the good man is not obliged to walk fast on off days when he is in town and goes round to the "matanza," or butcher's shop, to buy a piece of meat for dinner, and there is not the least reason why he should not stop for twenty minutes on the sidewalk and talk to Juan or Jose, whom he has encountered on the way, or spend half an hour in at the "tendajo" hanging over the counter and discussing a glass of mescal and the crops with Tomas or Telesforo. The good wife, too, rises early, and the day is still young by the time she has fetched water from the river and swept the earthen floor of the one living room and the "patio" outside and given the good man his breakfast and dispatched him to the fields, and she has ample time to don her black head-shawl and trot off to morning service, and by no means hurries herself, as she walks home again and drops Donnas Juana and Maria and Victoriana at their respective doors, stopping awhile to exchange a few parting remarks with each; ample time has she, too, to prepare the inevitable tortillas, beans and coffee for the mid-day meal.

From noonday till between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon (during which hours the inhabitants are all indoors eating dinner and taking the subsequent "siesta") is the quietest and laziest time of all. Then, indeed, does the little town seem like a city of the dead.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock the town begins to wake up slowly. At 4, or thereabouts, comes "merienda," a sort of afternoon tea, consisting of coffee and cakes. At 5 the women dress and go out visiting. At 7 the bells sound for "oracion," or evening service; a 8 comes supper, and by 9 all is still as the grave, except on Sunday nights, when the band plays in the little "plaza," or moonlight nights, when the rich notes of the mocking bird fill the silence and make the exiled Englishman think of nightingales and home. Of the animal life in the streets, the dogs, by their number and infinite variety of size and shape, deserve mention. Many of them have an evident and strong admixture of coyote blood in their veins. The large, pricked-up ears, the bushy, drooping tail, the slinking gait, all are there, and the resemblance in some cases is most striking. The novelty to the stranger in this line is the pelon, or hairless dog. Sharp-nosed, short-legged, long-bodied, in size equal to a small fox-terrier, his blue-black body is as innocent of hair as the palm of one's hand, save and except on the top of his head and the extreme tip of his tail, where he has tufts of dirty yellow bristles which give the finishing touch to his generally disgusting appearance. This interesting animal is said by the Mexicans to be good for the rheumatism. The elderly Mexican female afflicted in that way, when she feels the premonitory twinges, takes to her bed in company with her "pelon." When she gets up again she has got rid of her troubles and the dog is laid up. How he in turn gets rid of the complaint is not generally known.

Children are numerous, especially around the poorer houses. They are of all complexions, from brownish-black, with jet-black hair and eyes, to fair-skinned, fair-haired and blue-eyed. Some of them are pretty, and notably so some of the elder ones, whose sweet olive complexioned oval faces, dark melting eyes and graceful forms bring to one's mind the "angeli sunt" of Pope Gregory.

Of the elder folk the most picturesque are the "vaqueros" and teamsters in their shirts of leather or dingy linen, with yellow leggings and great felt or straw sombreros. Of the younger women many are pretty, with fine eyes and hair. Their complexions, however, are not good and they seem to fade and grow old early. All the women wear over their heads light shawls, either of dulli blue cotton stuff or black, and these they drape about head, shoulders and chest in a most effectively picturesque way. The rest of their garments are of cotton or some thin-textured black material, and seem to dispose themselves always more or less gracefully on the persons of their wearers. If the Mexican women only knew it, they look better in black than any other color. Unfortunately they don't know it and some of them will launch out into colors with most disastrous results as far as appearance goes.

Finally the coloring of the background which frames in all these pictures is, to American or European eyes, strange and not without its charm to some of them. The dull white of the dusty streets, and the gray of the adobe walls, and the dull red, dull blue and white of the plastered houses harmonize well with the pale blue of the sky and the darker blue and gray of the stony, barren hills all round. Against these the dark green masses of the "palmas" and pecan trees stand out in bold relief, and the whole is lighted up by the bright red of some Mexican's blanket, the little crimson flag at the end of a long reed which projects from the window of some butcher's shop or the scarlet of the pomegranate blossoms which hang in clusters over the garden walls.

An Arkansas Family.

A traveler on horseback, attracted by a large number of children huddled around the door of an Arkansas cabin, stopped and asked of a woman who suddenly appeared:

"Isthis a schoolhouse?"

"Do you take it for sich?"

"Yes, considering the number of children."

"Well, I reckon you've a right to your opinion."

"But is it a school?"

"No it ain't."

"Are all those children yours?"

"I reckin they air. 'Pears to me that way, anyhow."

"How do you make a living for all of then?"

"I don't. I turns 'em out and lets 'em scratch."

"What do they get to eat?"

"Bugs and sich."

"Come, my good woman, you are trying to joke me. I am a stranger in this country, and I really asked for information. I have often heard of squatters. Do you belong to that family?"

"I reckin I do, fur I squat sometimes an' comb my har when the chillen' air 'sleep."

"Where's your husband?"

"In town."

"In business there?"

"Yes, I reckin."

"How long has it been since you saw him?"

"About a year."

"Why doesn't he come to see you?"

"Well, you see, them deputy martins came along one day an' seed him bilin' some corn in a kettle, an' 'lowed he wos makin' whisky, so they tuck him along. Look out thar!"

The stranger dodged, but not quite soon enough. A boy fell from a tree under which the stranger had stopped, and struck him on the shoulder.

"I didn't know he was there," said the traveler, regarding with astonishment the youngster who arose to his feet and began to throw dust at the horse.

"I don't reckin you did," the woman replied, "but lemme tell you, the woods is full of 'em an' they're liable to drap on you at any minit, an' as it ain't safe to stay in the timber, you'd better take the big road an' mosey. Good-day. You like, put that lizzard down. Eph, that are tarripin 'll bite you if you put your finger in his mouth. Drap that scorpion, John, an' blow Tommy's nose. Nick, dont chaw that vine fur it'll pizen yer."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Who They Were.

A correspondent of the Chicago *News* tells a story which he heard recently. The scene was in a railroad train between Strasburg and the Rhine. Two gentlemen were seated in the coupe, one a dignified-looking man with hair turning gray, and the other equally dignified but much younger. A conversation sprang up between the two, as conversations will spring up in European railroad cars, and it was conducted altogether in very execrable German. Each knew that the other could not speak the language well, but each supposed that the other didn't know whether mistakes were made or not. At length the elderly gentleman ventured to ask the other in German:

"Are you a German?"

"Nein," was the answer, "Ich bin von die. Vereinigten Staaten." (I am from the United States.)

"So am I," said the elderly gentleman. "What part of the United States are you from?"

"I am from Indiana."

"Ah, indeed!" said the elderly gentleman, "I suppose you are taking a little trip through Europe for pleasure?"

"No," replied the young man, throwing out his chest and putting on all the dignity he could command. "I am the consul of the United States at Strasburg."

"Ah, I see," said the elderly gentleman, "I am pleased to have met you."

"What part of the United States do you come from?" asked the younger gentleman.

"Oh, I am a Western man," said the elderly gentleman. "I came from San Francisco."

"You are a long distance from home, my friend," said the young gentleman, patronizingly.

"Well, yes," assented the elderly gentleman. "Rather a long distance."

"I suppose you are taking a pleasure trip?" said the consul.

"No, not exactly," replied the elderly gentleman; "I'm engaged in business here."

"Where?"

"In Berlin."

"In what business, pray?" asked the consul.

"Well, you see," said the elderly gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "I am the United States minister to Germany."

THE BAD BOY'S UNCLE EZRA.

HIS VISIT CAUSES THE YOUTH TO BACKSLIDE.

And Results in a Suspension of the Rules Against Joking—What Happened in the Spare Room.

"I hear your Uncle Ezra is here on a visit," said the grocery man to the bad boy. "I suppose you have been having a high old time. There is nothing that does a boy more good than to have a nice visit with a good uncle, and hear him tell about old times when he and the boy's father were boys together."

"Well, I don't know about it," said the boy, as he took a stick of macaroni and began to blow paper wads through it at a woodsawyer who was filing a saw outside the door. "When a boy who has been tough has got his pins all set to reform, I don't think it does him any good to have a real nice uncle come to the house visiting. Any way, that's my experience. I have backslid the worst way, and it is going to take me a month, after Uncle Ezra goes away, to climb up to the grace that I have fallen from. It is blame discouraging," said the boy, as he looked up at the ceiling in an innocent sort of a way, and hid the macaroni under his coat, when the woodsawyer, who had been hit in the neck, dropped his saw and got up mad.

"What's the trouble? Your uncle has the reputation where he lives of being one of the pillars of society. But you can't tell about these fellows when they get away from home. Does he drink?"

"No, he don't drink, but as near as I can figure it he and pa were about the worst pills in the box when they were young. I don't want you to repeat it, but when pa and ma were married they eloped. Yes, sir, actually ran away, and defied their parents, and they had to hide about a week for fear ma's father would fill pa so full of cold lead that he would sink if he fell in the water. Pa has been kicked over the fence, and chased down alleys dozens of times, by ma's grandfather when he was sparking ma, and ma was a terror, too, cause her mother couldn't do anything with her, though she is awful precise now, and wants everybody to be good. Why, ma's mother used to warm her ears, and shake the daylights out of her, but it didn't do any good. She was mashed on pa, and there was no cure for her except to have pa prescribed for her as a husband, and they ran away. Uncle Ezra told me all about it. Ma haint got any patience with girls now days that have minds of their own about fellows, and she thinks their pa rents ought to have all the say. Well, maybe she thinks she knows all about it. But when people get in love it is the same now as it was when pa and ma were trying to keep out of the reach of my grandfather's shotgun. But pa and Uncle Ezra and ma are good friends, and they talk over old times and have a big laugh. I guess Uncle Ezra was too much for pa in joking when they were boys, 'cause pa told me that all rules against joking were suspended while Uncle Ezra was here, and for me to play anything on him I could. I told pa I was trying to lead a different life, but he said what I wanted to do was to make Uncle Ezra think of old times, and the only way was to keep him on the ragged edge. I thought if there was anything I could do to make it pleasant for my uncle, it was my duty to do it, so I fixed the bed slats on the spare bed so they would fall down at 2 A. M. the first night, and then I retired. At 2 o'clock I heard the awfulest noise in the spare room, and a howling and screaming, and I went down and met Uncle Ezra in the hall, and he asked me what was the matter in there, and I asked him if he didn't sleep in the spare room, and he said no, that pa and ma was in there, and he slept in their room. Then we went in the spare room, and you'd a dide to see pa. Ma had jumped out when the slats first fell, and was putting her hair up in curl papers when we got in, but pa was all tangled up in the springs and things. His head had gone down first, and the mattress and quilts rolled over on him, and he was almost smothered, and we had to take the bedstead down to get him out, the way you have to unharness a horse when he runs away and falls down, before you can get him up. Pa was mad, but Uncle Ezra laughed at him, and told him he was only foundered, and all he wanted was a bran mash and some horse liniment and he would come out all right. Uncle Ezra went out in the hall to get a pail of water to throw on pa, 'cause he said pa was afire, when pa asked me why I didn't fix the other bed slats, and I told him I didn't know as they were going to change beds, and then pa said don't let it occur again. Pa lays everything to me. He is the most changeable man I ever saw. He told me to do everything Uncle Ezra wanted me to do, and then, when I helped Uncle Ezra to play a joke on pa, he was mad. Say, I don't think this world is run right, do you? I haven't got much time to talk to you to-day, cause Uncle Ezra and me are going fishing, but don't it strike you that it is queer that parents trounce boys for doing just what they did themselves. Now, I have got a friend whose father is a lawyer. That lawyer would warm his boy if he should tell a lie, or associate with anybody that was bad, and yet the lawyer will defend a man he knows is guilty of stealing, and get him clear and take the money he got from the thief, who stole it, to buy the same boy a new coat to wear to church, and he will defend a man who committed murder, and make an argument to the jury that will bring tears to their eyes, and they will clear the murderer. Queer, aint it? And say, how is it that we send missionaries to Burmah, to convert them from heathenism, and the same vessel that takes the missionaries there carries from Boston a cargo of tin gods to sell to the heathen? Why wouldn't it be better to send the missionaries to Boston? I think the more a boy learns the more he gets mixed."—*Peck's Sun.*

An intelligent London fish merchant has made a calculation showing that 72,000,000 oysters are annually consumed in London.

Handling Huge Redwood Trees.

Menteur and myself were walking tranquilly up a wooded ravine in California when a woodman on the hillside, some distance above us, took his pipe out of his mouth and tranquilly remarked:

"Guess you fellers jest as well go back."

It is one of my rules in life never to ask useless questions. I went back, and in a few moments I found out why.

The sound of chopping and the swish of the saw suddenly ceased, and a long, mournful cry rang through the woods. It was the warning note of the woodman.

The top of a tall tree some distance ahead of us began to tremble slightly. There was an awful, prolonged groan—such a groan as might come from the breast of the imprisoned giant beneath Mount Ætna. Then came a sharp "crack!" as the mighty tree's trunk snapped. The tall monster slowly and majestically moved toward the earth. There was a terrible crash as it smote the branches from its fellow trees—smiting them cleanly as with a cimeter. There was a roar as of thunder when it struck the ground; the earth trembled for rods around, as if an earthquake shock were upon us; a cloud of dust rose up, and when it cleared away the impassive woodmen were stripping the fallen giant of his limbs.

Inasmuch as the tree fell upon the exact spot we had occupied a moment before, we understood and appreciated the remark of the laconic woodman.

We watched the woodmen prepare an immense log, about twelve feet in diameter. They drove in the staple, and then hitched to it twenty oxen—ten yoke. The goad bearer punched his animals, swore at them in a pleasant and persuasive voice, and they started. The mammoth log groaned slightly, turned reluctantly, and moved forward an inch or two.

Ping! Whir-r-r!

The iron ring had snapped in twain. Its two fragments flew two different ways—one passing between the interested heads of Menteur and myself. If it had struck us we would have lost all interest in logs and other mundane things. Not having struck us, I maintained my interest. I looked with much curiosity to see what had become of the twenty oxen. I expected to see them out of sight, as an Irishman might say, by reason of the sudden slackening of the immense tension.

They were not out of sight, but they were the most miscellaneous, most confused and most disgusted oxen I ever saw in my life. They were engaged in turning twenty distinct, complicated and rapid somersaults.

Menteur, in telling this story, invariably ends it by saying that each ox lit on his feet. But then Menteur is not marked for his veracity.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Shooting Stars.

An observer carefully watching the heavens on a cloudless night will often see an object that looks like a star shooting through a short space in the sky, and then suddenly disappearing Several of these seeming stars may be seen in the course of an hour. Sometimes they are very faint, and are visible only for a second; sometimes they move more slowly and are seen for several seconds. Sometimes they leave behind a long train of silver light; and sometimes they are so large and brilliant as to illuminate the heavens like the bursting of a sky-rocket.

These little bodies are called shooting stars or meteoroids, and the more brilliant ones are known as meteors. Celestial space is full of them. Their number is countless, and they move round the sun in every possible kind of orbit, although as yet nothing is certainly known concerning their origin and constitution.

The earth is constantly encountering the tiny atoms, while making her annual revolution round the sun. Moving in her orbit with a velocity of eighteen miles a second, she meets swarms of meteoroids, usually passing in an opposite direction, with a velocity often as great as twenty-six miles a second. As the meteoroids plunge headlong against our atmosphere, a tremendous concussion takes place, and so much heat is evolved that the intruders are actually burned up, and the shooting stars are simply the light of the conflagration. So numerous are the meteoroids that it is supposed that seven millions fall to the earth every twenty-four hours.

The shooting stars we see on clear nights move in every direction, and seem to be scattered without plan or purpose. The case is different with those that cause the meteoric showers These move in immense meteor-zones or hoops, the point nearest the sun resting on the earth's orbit, and the point farthest from the sun extending to or beyond the most distant planets. The earth will pass through one of these zones on November 13, and, during the passage, a modern display of shooting stars may be looked for.

Once in about thirty-three years she encounters a wonderfully brilliant and concentrated portion of the zone. The meteors then shoot forth in all directions, and in such numbers that the heavens seem to be on fire. A grand display of November meteors is not expected until 1899. The meteors are also known as leonoids.—*Youth's Companion.*

Supplying Milk in Brazil.

The way of supplying Para, Brazil, with milk is novel and primitive, though it has, indeed, some advantages that would commend it to those who appreciate the privilege of diluting the lacteal fluid according to their own taste. Adulteration by the dealer there is well-nigh out of the question, for the milkman comes to your door bringing his tin can and several measures in one hand, while with the other he leads the cow herself through the city to the various dwellings to be supplied. Should there happen to be a calf belonging to this particular cow, it is muzzled and is then either allowed to follow its own sweet will or it is tied to its mother's tail! The approach of this triple milk cart is announced by the musical chimes of three open sleighbells, which are fastened to the leather strap worn on the cow's neck.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THEN AND NOW.

All the years of longing, waiting,
All the hours of loving, hating,
All the dreaming, hesitating,
That have borne me as a river
Bears the vessels that we give her—
Looking back, I sigh and shiver
At the time 'tween then and now.

Days of summer warmth and gladness,
Moments of delicious madness,
And the nights of tearful sadness
That have ruled my brow with care lines,
Chilled me when the noonday sun shines,
Placed the thorns where memory still twines
Round the time 'tween then and now

Midst the tumult of life's hurry
And the thousand things that worry,
Shall the bloom become a berry?
Shall the bud become a flower?
That shall fill some sheltered bower
With a wond'rous perfume shower?
Shall the then be lost in now?

—*Patty Honeywood.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Last season 3,012,571 articles were pawned in France. Evidently several young Americans were in that country during the year.—*Drummer.*

A new song is entitled "Brother's Hair was Cut by Mother." It is a good song for a singer to treat as mother did brother's hair—"cut it short."—*Norristown Herald.*

White trousers are again in style this summer, a fortunate thing for the dudes, as they can buy them cheap at any grocery. Macaroni stems don't cost much.—*Philadelphia News.*

Somebody substituted a pile of corn cobs for the doughnuts on the Omaha railway restaurant counter, and they were about two-thirds eaten before anybody discovered what they were.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The editor of the Waco (Texas) *Sentinel*, having been blown up by the explosion of a sawmill boiler, we suppose it will now be in order to allude to him as "our highly steamed contemporary."—*Life.*

There are forty-two different shades in kid gloves this spring. This number might be increased by imitating the shade of disappointment that passes over a lady's face when she sees some other woman with a prettier pair than her own.—*Danville Advertiser.*

An Iowa bank closed its doors in consequence of the sudden and unexpected departure of the cashier. The next day the local paper announced the event in the following headline: "Another Pioneer of American Civilization Lights Out for Polynesia."

It is now the season when the young man buys a city map, marks on it with a blue pencil the places in the locality of his girl's residence where ice cream and soda water are sold, and carefully studies it to avoid them in his moonlight ramblings with her.—*Puck.*

The man that runs an auction,
And watches for a nod,
Must either be near-sighted,
Or else he's very odd,
For when you bid on something
He smiles with sweet content,
And thinks you nod a dollar
When you only nod assent.
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"What are we going to do with our dead?" asks an excited cremationist. Be calm, man. We can get along well enough with our dead. They won't trouble us. They are good and quiet enough. It's the live men that worry us. What are we going to do with some of the live men? And we tell you confidentially; there is one of them we are going to push down a four-story elevator well, if he comes up with the same old bill just once more to-day. Then you can take what is left of him and go on with the discussion of your question.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Ocean Etiquette.

Eighty thousand Americans annually visit Europe. Of this number 50,000 sail from the port of New York. They spend upon an average while abroad $2,500 apiece. The greater number are ladies. Such is the statement made by a Broadway (New York) traveling commission firm to a reporter. The importance of these annual pilgrimages, which are increasing year by year, has developed a system of ocean etiquette that governs the conduct of what may be termed the best circles of "maritime society." Nowadays the captain of a crack ocean steamer must not only be a first-class sailor, but he must also be a man of infinite tact and method, with a thorough knowledge of what "society" requires at his hands.

To sit at the "right of the captain" at table at once accords to the occupants of that distinguished honor the highest place in the social scale on board ship, and the position is competed for with an amount of anxiety that is very amusing. The senior surgeon and his assistant (when two are carried) act as deputies, and rank socially next in importance to the captain himself. How to accommodate the various claims for this coveted distinction is a matter of serious moment. The personnel of the passenger list is closely searched at least forty-eight hours before the vessel sails. Very often the purser is called into consultation, and the difficulty is finally settled by placing a card bearing the passenger's name upon his or her plate. From this decision there is no appeal. If frequently happens, however, that one or more persons may consider themselves slighted, and where it is probable that the imaginary slight will disturb the social harmony the captain escapes by taking his meals in his own room.—*Boston Traveler.*

Three Acres of Eggs.

A Santa Barbara (Cal.) fisherman has discovered, near San Miguel island, a smaller island, about three acres in extent, which is probably the largest nest of eggs in the world. The island is covered with a layer of guano in which sea fowls of all descriptions were found laying or incubating their eggs. The surface appeared to be almost entirely covered with eggs, principally those of the sea gulls, shags, and a small bird known as the salt-water duck. The discoverer says it was difficult to walk without treading upon the eggs, and that it would be easy to load a ship with them.

California yields nearly 57,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1883.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Salem, N. C., Jan. 30, 1883.

—The Raleigh *Recorder* has completed the fortieth year of its existence.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, July 9.—The provisions have given out at Damietta and the people are starving.

—One of the best known of American citizens, Orange Judd, the good old-time editor of the *American Agriculturist*, is dying in Florida.

—The payment of money orders or the delivery of registered letters to M. A. Dauphin, of the Louisiana Lottery Co., is forbidden by Postmaster-General.

ATLANTA, July 7.—At a meeting of the Georgia railroad directors today, Maj. John W. Johnson was elected President to succeed Gen. Gordon who resigned.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The Supreme lodge of the Independent Order of Immaculates (colored) adjourned after voting $100 toward Garfield university at Montgomery, Ala. Next meeting will be held in Memphis, July, 1884.

—The editor of the British Medical *Journal* has made a tour of inspection in Donegal, Ireland, as a physician, and found 14,000 persons living on two cents worth of Indian meal per day, the money having been sent from the United States, and being distributed by the parish priests.

—The Wilmington *Star* says: The Northern travel in the South is said to be "heavy and steady." The travellers are mainly well-to-do people looking out for investments. Large investments have just been made in Georgia, Florida and Alabama.

NEW ORLEANS, July 7.—A *Times-Democrat* Mobile special says that last night the news came that the Norwegian bark Vega, from Vera Cruz, was anchored 15 miles off Mobile bar with Capt. Hansen, mate and all of the crew but four down with the yellow fever. The bark was ordered at once to Ship Island quarantine.

LITTLE ROCK, July 4.—The *Gazette's* Hot Springs special says: Detective Porter, of Nashville, with a requisition from the Governor of Tennessee, arrested Capt. Jas. C. Fleming, late chief deputy of ex-Treasurer Polk, charged with making false entries amounting to $40,000.

—The University of Virginia since 1869 has received $445,000 in gifts and bequests. Mr. Samuel Miller, of Lynchburg, gave $100,000 and Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, $106,000. Some of the other benefactors were W. H. Vanderbilt, of New York, $25,000; Leander J. McCormick, of Chicago, a $50,000 refractory telescope, and $18,000 to build an observatory; and the late Lewis Brooks, of Rochester, New York, $68,000 to build and equip a Museum of Natural History and Geology.—*Star.*

—North Carolina is certainly having a railroad boom. In progress of building are the following roads: Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley; Chester & Lenoir Narrow Guage; Western North Carolina, Ducktown Branch; line from the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad to Warrenton; from Richmond, Va., to Ridgeway; from Trenton to Core Creek with Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad; North Georgia Railroad, through Macon county. This is a total of seven.

—*News-Observer.*

The Press Association.

The meeting of the Press Association in the mountains was the largest gathering of editors ever yet held, and a most delightful one it was too. We haven't space to give a detailed account of it this week. H. A. London, of the Pittsboro *Record*, was elected President. James A. Robinson, of the Winston *Leader*, was elected first Vice-President. Palemon John, of the Elizabeth City *North Carolinian*, second, and Josephus Daniels, of the Wilson *Advance*, third. Jordan Stone, of the Asheville *Citizen*, was unanimously re-elected Secretary and Treasurer, and Frank E. Vaughan, of the Elizabeth City *Falcon*, Assistant Secretary. Messrs. S. A. Ashe, H. A. Footte, Jas. H. Ennis, E. A. Oldham and E. C. Hackney, were elected as the Executive Committee for the ensuing year. G. S. Bradshaw, of the Asheboro *Courier*, was elected the orator, and Theo. H. Hill, of Raleigh, poet. The Association will meet next year in Fayetteville.—*Leader.*

—A. D. Davis, of Chicago, and Rose Kennedy, of Springfield, Ill., were married in the car of a balloon, at Cleaveland, on July 4th, and then made a wedding trip with Prof. King through the clouds. The party landed safe a few miles from Cleaveland.

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE.

—The Lenoir *Topic* says: Tuesday of last week a severe hailstorm visited a portion of the Banner Elk country, completely ruining the wheat and corn crops on an area of perhaps two square miles.

—There are in the Orphan Asylum at Oxford, one hundred and fifty children. About forty of these orphans are from Baptist families. Some of them were never in a school of any sort in their lives, before they were taken to Oxford. Bro. Mills informs us that he will have to send a number of the children away unless larger contributions are made to the support of the Asylum.

—The Charlotte *Journal-Observer* says: Two arrests were made in Charlotte on Tuesday of last week, that caused a great surprise among the citizens, and the surprise was increased to astonishment as the developments of the trial were made known. The parties arrested were J. E. Adams, who has been ticket agent for the Air Line, Richmond & Danville and Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta roads in Charlotte for two years past, and Captain E. O. Nesbit, who is well-known to the travelling public as a conductor on the Air-Line road. The charge upon which they were arrested was embezzlement.

—Davidson College has an endowment fund of over $88,000, and this together with college dues, annually paid in, yields an income of about $14,000. This sum has sufficed to run the college and keep clear of debt, but leaves little margin for repairs to buildings and improvements on the grounds. The college has been quite liberal in carrying out the intention of the founders, and has given free access to its class rooms to all candidates for the ministry, to all ministers' sons, to young men of limited means, besides others who are there on scholarships. The policy is to turn away no deserving young man, if it is possible to keep him. During the last year 68 students—more than one half—paid no tuition, and the revenues of the college were reduced by nearly $5,000. —*Journal-Observer.*

—Rev. John Calvin McNair, of Robeson county, North Carolina, by his will made in 1858, directed that after the death of his mother the proceeds of the sale of his land and personal property should be paid over to the trustees of the University of North Carolina to be invested, and that the interest thereon should be used to employ some able scientific man, a member of one of the evangelical denominations, to deliver at the University a course of lectures, the object of which shall be to show the mutual bearing of science and theology upon each other, and to prove the existence and attributes of God from nature; the lectures to be published. The bequest is supposed to be worth about $10,000, and by the recent death of Mrs. McNair passes into the hands of the trustees for the purpose designated.

—A private telegram from Chapel Hill announces that the Hon. Abraham Rencher died in that village this morning. The intelligence was not unexpected, as the distinguished gentleman had long been in failing health, and was so great a sufferer that death comes to him as a friend bringing release and rest.

Gov. Rencher was born in the county of Wake in the year 1768. He was educated at the University at Chapel Hill, chose the law as his profession, and soon made his mark at the bar. Entering the political field as a Democrat, he was for many years a conspicuous figure in politics; was a member of Congress from the Chatham district for a number of terms, and minister to Portugal under President Tyler. President Buchanan appointed him Governor of New Mexico, and he was residing at Sante Fe when the war between the States broke out, and he returned to his southern home. He was in all respects a strong man; strong in mind and will, strong in character and steadfast in his convictions.—*News-Observer.*

A Tragic Occurrence--Another Warning.

Four wagons and teams on the way from Wilkes to Statesville, stopped and spent Wednesday night at Wooten's, about 5 miles from Jenning's mills, in the northern part of Iredell. The wagons were those of W. M. Absher, Capt. J. A. Cooper, Col. Leland Martin and W. H. Reeves, Esq. The Reeves wagon was in charge of William Reeves, a son of the owner, and Frank Obey, colored. Fleet Martin was driving his father's wagon, and Parks, colored, and Shumate, white, had charge of the teams of Messrs. Cooper and Absher. The five teamsters made a very merry party Wednesday night. Thursday morning their jokes and pranks were renewed. Having finished breakfast about an hour after sunrise, they were preparing to move on to Statesville. Parks and young Reeves had been "fooling" with each other a good deal, but just before moving off Reeves and Martin got into a romp. Suddenly the others were startled by the crack of a revolver. Young Reeves exclaimed "Lordy, mercy," and fell at the root of a tree. When reached he was dead. The ball from the pistol in the hands of Fleet Martin had penetrated his brain just above the left eye. Young Martin had been flourishing the pistol about the day before, when it was really unloaded. In the afternoon of Wednesday, however, he had put in the only cartridge he had. Doubtless he had forgotten this and was snapping it at Reeves for fun. There is no room to doubt that the killing was accidental. The boys were neighbors and were on the best of terms.

Young Reeves was in the eighteenth year of his age; Martin is in his nineteenth year. The latter turned around with his wagon, into which he put the body of his dead friend, and started home with it, accompanied by the team which the deceased had been driving. The other two wagons came on to Statesville. Fleet Martin is a brother of Mr. Harry C. Martin, of Statesville. —*Statesville Landmark.*

GENERAL NEWS.

GATHERED FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

—ALEXANDRIA, July 7.—One hundred and seventy deaths from cholera occurred at Damietta yesterday; thirty-nine at Mansurah and sixteen at Samarcand.

CINCINNATI, July 5.—Archbishop Purcell, whose death has been looked for for the past several days, died of paralysis this morning.

—A compulsory education bill has passed the legislature of Illinois, requiring children between the ages of eight and fourteen years to attend school at least three months in the year.

MILWAUKEE, July 3.—A severe storm swept over Ozaukee county yesterday, demolishing buildings in scores of towns. In Belgium and Fredonia alone over 200 buildings were blown down. At Oakfield hardly a chimney is left standing. Three men were drowned at Port Washington.

—The cadets of the Virginia Military Institute who visited New York city on Wednesday and returned a New York State flag, which was captured at Catlett's station, December 17th, 1863, were very hospitably received. The act was a graceful one on the part of the cadets and it is pleasant to know that it was accepted in the spirit in which it was conceived.

—The model of the statue of General Robert E. Lee, which is to be erected in New Orleans, arrived at New York on Tuesday by steamship, where it will be cast in bronze. The entire monument will be eleven feet high. The statue, representing the General in full uniform, with his arms folded, will be sixteen feet in height, and will stand on a Doric column ninety-five feet high. The name of Tivoli Square, where the monument is to be placed, will be changed to Lee Circle.

—A colored boy named George Nelson, living in Culpepper county, Va., was sent into the field Monday morning to halter a colt, and fastening it on the animal, twisted the other end of the halter, in which was a knot, around his own rist, and started to the house. He struck the colt several times, which had the effect of making it rear and plunge and dart at full speed across the field. The knot in the end of the halter held him securely, and being unable to extricate himself, was dragged to death. He was dead when found at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and was still attached to the colt, which was grazing quietly at his side.

RIOT IN VERMONT.—The Ely, Vermont, miners engaged in a riot on account of not receiving certain back pay due them. The military were brought into requisition, and a number of arrests were made. Much sympathy is expressed for the miners, and some families are on the verge of starvation. Some of the women with children in their arms have appealed to the troops for help. Money has been raised to relieve their immediate wants. The mining company proposes to pay $2,500 of their indebtedness to the men at once; $2,000 next week, and the balance, $15,000, as soon as the ore now in process of refinement can be put through and shipped. It is thought the trouble is over.

LONDON, July 3.—A dispatch from Glasglow says the Daphne capsized near Renfrew, five miles from Glasglow. Traffic in the Clyde is suspended owing to the interruption in navigation by the capsized vessel. The steamer left the ways at a very fast rate, and when she gained the water she rolled from side to side. Persons on board fearing that she would capsize ran to and fro. The vessel finally reeled over and nearly disappeared beneath the water. The majority of those on board were saved by tugs and small boats; many of them in the last stages of exhaustion. It is known that there were fifty persons below in the Daphne when the vessel went over and they must have all been drowned.

ORLANDO, FLA., July 7.—The trial of Archibald B. Newton for killing Samuel McMillan near Sanford in October last closed to-day with a verdict of guilty.

McMillan had the reputation of being a miser and was supposed to have kept a large sum of money always about him. Newton, who is an East Indian by birth, lived near McMillan disappeared on September 30 last, and shortly afterwards Newton and his wife seemed to be flush of money. On October 17 McMillan's headless body was found in Crystal Lake. Around the waist was a rope which was tied to a pot of nails. The rope, pot and nails proved to be the property of Newton. The evidence was wholly circumstantial and the trial was bitterly contested by eminent counsel employed by English relatives of Newton.

CINCINNATI, July 3.—A horrible accident occurred on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railway, at Winton Place crossing, north of Spring Grove Cemetery, to-night, whereby six persons were killed. The thunderbolt express, coming south on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, due here at 8.30, but half an hour behind time, when it struck a huckster wagon, in which were a family of six persons and a driver. Every one except William Bertsch, the driver, was killed. He escaped with serious injuries. The wagon was broken to splinters. The family was that of a huckster, Henry Kracke. They were going to their farm, seven miles from Winton Place. The names of the killed are Henry Kracke, his wife and four children—John, aged 19; Annie, 16; Maggie, 13, and Lizzie, 7. The bodies were thrown in fragments on the grass by the roadside, where they were picked up by the light of lanterns and brought to the city. Mrs. Kracke's head was severed from her body and all the victims were horribly mutilated. The engine was so besmeared with blood that it was sprinkled with flour to hide the stains.

SUMMER
Imprudences
ARE SURE TO BRING
ON SUMMER DISEASES

INDIGESTION,
DIARRHŒA,
DYSENTERY,
COLIC,
CRAMPS,
BOWEL COMPLAINTS,
FEVERS, &c., &c.

BUT
Perry Davis's Pain Killer
DRIVES THEM AWAY.
DRIVES THEM AWAY.
DRIVES THEM AWAY.

DON'T BE WITHOUT PAIN KILLER. BUY OF ANY DRUGGIST.

TUTT'S
PILLS
TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
and MALARIA.

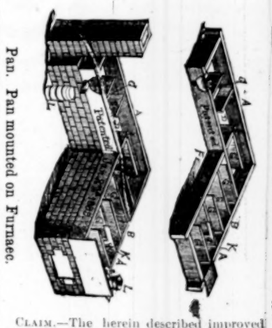
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver, as a Liver medicine **TUTT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. **TUTT'S PILLS** cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

—Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Bilious attacks positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills—an infallible remedy: never fail to cure the most obstinate, long-standing cases where Quinine and allother remedies had failed. They are prepared expressly for malarious sections, in double boxes, two kinds of Pills, containing a strong cathartic and a chill breaker, sugar-coated; contain no Quinine o Mercury, causing no griping or purging; they are mild and efficient, certain in their action and harmless in all cases; they effectually cleanse the system, and give new life and tone to the body. As a household remedy they are unequaled. For Live Complaint their equal is not known; one box will have a wonderful effect on the worst case. They are used and prescribed by Physicians, and sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 15 and 50 cent boxes. Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, best ever made, only 15 cents. Standard Cure Co., 14 Nassau street New York

THOSE WISHING
Tomb Stones
will please bring in their order at once. I have a new brick shop and am prepared to fill orders promptly.
I. W. DURHAM,
Winston, N. C.

IMPROVED EVAPORATOR.
ISAAC N. NULL, PATENTEE.
Patented January 2, 1883. No 269,877.



CLAIM.—The herein described improved evaporating pan, consisting of the L shaped pan A, having partition D provided with a gate E, and transverse plates, G, extending alternately from each side wall towards the other, in both compartments of pan, for the purpose of retarding the flow of syrup, in combination with the strainer I, secured to plate J, having flange K, whereby it may be secured detachably upon any one of the plates G, at any desired point in either compartment of the pan as above set forth in the cuts.

By this construction, a man standing at the angle can easily reach and skim the syrup at either end of the pan, which by the common practice of making the pans rectangular is not readily practicable. By my improved construction I am thus enabled to dispense with the labor of one man where two are required at those of ordinary construction.

The undersigned is the sole owner of the above patent for the United States of America, and is prepared to sell pans, County or State rights to suit purchasers. Also prepared to furnish Mills.
HENRY N. NULL,
P. O., Winston, N. C.

Salem Cotton Gin.
SEED COTTON WILL NOW BE RECEIVED AT THE
Gin-House on Shallowford St.,
and the Gin will begin work on or before,
Monday, November 20th, 1882.
Cotton will be ginned on shares, or for cash; and we will buy the seed cotton, or the lint after ginning.
Our facilities for good, speedy work are admirable; our terms reasonable, and square dealings guaranteed.
J. F. SHAFFNER.
Salem N. C., Nov. 13, 1882.

WISE people are always on the look-out for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

LIVER WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bilious troubles.
Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists

SUMMER READING.
NEW BOOKS
AT
SALEM BOOKSTORE.

PAPER BINDING.

Mongrels,	20c.
Honest Davie,	20c.
One May Day,	20c.
Wanda,	50c.
Colin Clout's Calendar,	25c.
Hyperion,	20c.
Outre-Mer,	20c.
Tricks of the Greeks,	20c.
Old Creole Days, 2 vols.,	20c.
Beyond Recall,	25c.
Democracy,	30c.
In the Olden Time,	25c.
Matrimony,	30c.
Story of Carnival,	25c.
Her Dearest Foe,	25c.
Golden Fleece,	30c.

A large lot of paper bound novels at and below cost, or at any reasonable figure.

CLOTH BOUND BOOKS.

But Yet a Woman, (The best new novel out.)	$1.25
Ladies Lindores, (Mrs. Oliphants last.)	$1.00
Majorie Daw,	$1.25
From Pongapog to Pesth,	1.00
Fanchette,	1.00
Rachels Share of the Road,	$1.00
Barrington's Fate,	1.00
Her Crime,	1.00
Little Sister.	1.00
Daughter of the Philistines,	$1.00
Lowell Birthday Book,	1.00

And lots of Books at and below cost.
Now is your time to get School and Miscellaneous Books cheaper than ever before at
SALEM BOOKSTORE.

North Carolina } In the Superior Court
WILKES COUNTY. }
Charles R. Carlton and others
Against
John P. Carlton.

Notice to File Exceptions to Report:

The defendant, John P. Carlton, will take notice, that the report of the commissioner heretofore appointed to sell the lands described in Plaintiff's complaint (known as the Holt land) has been filed in this office, and that he is required to file exceptions thereto within thirty days after the expiration of this publication.

Given under my hand and official seal on this 14th day of May, A. D., 1883.
I. S. CALL,
Clerk Superior Court.
John S. Cranor, Attorney for Plaintiff.
May 24, 1883.—pd.

Forsyth County—In Superior Court

Elizabeth James
against
The heirs of Joseph Perrel
Philip Perrel
Mary Phillips
Jackson Perrel,
Martha Perrel,
Caroline Byerly
Preston Byerly,
Philip Byerly and
Jackson Byerly.
Summons for Relief.

State of North Carolina.

To the Sheriff of Forsyth County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon Philip Perrel and others, the defendants above named (if they be found within your county) to be and appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Forsyth County within twenty days after this service on them, exclusive of the day of such service, and answer the complaint which will be deposited in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said county, within ten days from the date of this summons; and let them take notice that if they fail to answer the said complaint within that time, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Hereof fail not and of this summons make due return.

Given under my hand and seal of said court this the 29th day of May 1883.
C. S. HAUSER.
Clerk Superior Court of Forsyth County.

In the above named case it appearing to the satisfaction of the court that Philip Perrel, Mary Phillips, Jackson Perrel and Martha Perrel are now non-residents of this state, it is ordered that the above names be published for 6 weeks in the *People's Press*, a paper published in Salem, Forsyth County, notifying said defendants to appear and answer the complaint in said action.
C. S. HAUSER, C. S. C.
R. B. Kerner, Plaintiff's Attorney.

LIFE OF ALEX. H. STEPHENS.

A Life of this eminent statesman and patriot whose name is now especially dear to all Southern hearts, is announced for publication early in April in the ELZEVIR LIBRARY—a fact of decided popular interest because in that form it will be at once a beautiful souvenir, and within the reach of every Southern home. It is written by F. H. Norton, author of the "Life of General Winfield S. Hancock," "The life of Gustave Dore." It will contain an excellent portrait and other illustrations, making a volume of over 100 pages, and will be sold for the price of ten cents in paper or 25 cents for handsome cloth binding. It will be well to order at once from your local newsdealers, or from the publisher, to be sure of securing a copy from the first edition, as of course, the demand will be very large. JOHN B. ADLEN, Publisher, 18 Vessey Street, New York.

A. N. Zevely & Son,
637 F. Street Washington, D. C.
Attends to business before any of the Departments. Collections, etc.

Handy Stationery.
A FRESH SUPPLY OF
Blair's Beautiful Goods,
CONSISTING OF
New Scratch Books,
Octavo Note Pads,
Commercial Pads,
Letter Pads, Legal Pads,
Keystone Inks,
Pens, Pen Holders, Paper and Envelopes in 10 cent packages.
All these goods are first class and sold at popular prices.
Now is the time to buy your stationery at the SALEM BOOKSTORE, and no mistake. Come and see.

NOTICE.

HAVING qualified as Administrator on the estate of Sophia A. deSchweinitz and the estate of Emil A. deSchweinitz, *de bonis non* with the will annexed, Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estates, to make immediate payment; and all persons having claims against said estates will present them for payment before June 1st, 1884, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.
J. W. FRIES, Adm'r.
Salem, N. C., May 26, 1883.—22-6w.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—The number of claims received at the Internal Revenue Bureau for rebate on account of tobacco, snuff and cigars under the new internal revenue law amount in the aggregate to about $20,000,000. The amount of stamps imprinted on checks and drafts received at the Internal revenue bureau for cancellation and redemption to date, is about $3,500,000. Shipments of checks with stamps cancelled are being made from the Internal Revenue Bureau daily. Persons having stamps upon checks and drafts cancelled and returned to them need not, however, expect the money for the value of the stamps so cancelled for some time to come, as all such claims are referred to the accounting officers of the departments to be audited before warrants are issued.

LONDON, July 6.—In the trial of Jews at Nyreghhaza, Hungary, two of the prisoners accused of having placed a corpse in the river with a view to passing it off as that of Esther Solomossy, the girl whom the prisonrrs are charged with murdering, declared that their confessions had been obtained by threats to murder them in prison. One of them had been compelled to drink huge quantities of water, had been stripped, struck, dragged by the hair, and shown a gallows. The other had been beaten and compelled to gaze at the sun. A number of witnesses also testified as to the shocking treatment they had received at the hands of the authorities. The counsel for the defence pointed out that the people of Tizah Eslar, where the murder is alleged to have been committed, had been taught that it was not wrong to testify falsely against Jews, the interests of the country requiring their conviction.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The *Inter-Ocean* of this morning publishes crop reports covering a wide area of the West and Northwest, showing that wheat excepted, the grain crop will be equal to last year's yield. The weather that was unfavorable to corn induced one of the heaviest crops of hay ever mowed, which to a great extent, is already cut and cured. Barley and oats are unusually good everywhere, and promise an unprecedented yield, while the recent hot weather has proven extremely favorable to the corn crop. Wheat is about up to the average, and the harvests of winter wheat in the lower latitudes are large.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Secretaries Teller and Lincoln, General Crook and Commissioner of Indian Affairs Price had a conference to-day in regard to the disposition of the captured Apache Indians, when the following agreement was arrived at: "It is determined that the Apache Indians recently captured by General Crook and all such as may be hereafter captured or may surrender themselves to him, shall be kept under the control of the War Department at such points on the San Carlos reservation as may be determined by the War Department (but not at the agency without the consent of the Indian Agent,) to be cared for by the War Department until further orders. The War Department shall be intrusted with the entire police control of all the Indians on the reservation, charged with the duty of keeping the peace and preventing the Indians from leaving, except with the consent of General Crook. The War Department shall protect the Indian Agent in the discharge of his ordinary duties."

—Some very remarkable changes have occurred in the groups of spots on the sun, during the past few days. The spots can be detected with a strong opera glass. One of the groups which recently consisted of four conspicuous black and jagged holes in the shining surface broke up in a few hours into a great number of small spots, which were arranged yesterday in the most singular shapes, and spread over an area far exceeding in extent the whole surface of the earth. In another group enormous white bridges were thrown across a black central chasm as broad as the Atlantic, and in a third group a vast depression, resembling a shadowy veil drawn over the glowing photosphere was developed around a cluster of dark pits. All around these wonderful groups the glowing surface of the sun appeared in the telescope covered thick with white specks like the flaky particles in a mass of buttermilk, and here and there appeared intensely brilliant crinkling lines, marking the spots where sprouts and jets of fiery hydrogen gas were bursting forth from the sun's interior. When will the astronomers be able to tell what causes these tremendous outbreaks, which wax and wane in periods of eleven years, and occasionally make their power felt across 90 odd millions of miles of space by setting the earth's atmosphere aglow with electric light and playing strange freaks with the telegraph wires, now sending a magnetic torrent rushing through them with the speed and strength of lightning, and again striking them powerless?

Maud Muller and the Apples.

Maud Muller stood one summer day,
Quietly raking the new-mown hay.

In the apple orchard, plain to be seen,
Was plenty of fruit, both hard and green.

Rashly she ate green apples, till she
Was doubled up like the letter V.

With pain in her stomach and tears in her eye,
Maud Muller thought she would surely die.

But soon came an end of her woeful grief,
For PAIN KILLER brought her sweet relief.

FIFTY YEARS
OF
ALMANAC FUN
Just published and for sale at
SALEM BOOKSTORE.
Price 10 Cents by Mail.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). Cures Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.
MAKE HENS LAY

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
GRAND CLEARING OUT SALE OF
CLOTHING.

As we only propose to keep YOUTHS' and BOYS' CLOTHING after this season, we are closing out our stock of MEN'S CLOTHING at an immense sacrifice. Call early and secure a good suit for less than cost of manufacture.

We are also closing out a lot of Gent's Hand made SHOES.

As we contemplate making some improvements and alterations in our Store we have

MARKED ALL OF OUR GOODS DOWN.
IMMENSE DRIVES
In SILKS, DRESS GOODS, LACES, EMBROIDERY, HOSIERY, &c. A few Handsome Embroidered Dresses on hand
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
PARASOLS, very cheap,
as we have only a few left, and do not wish to carry them over.
We are now receiving a nice line of
Ladies', Misses and Children's Shoes,
Manufactured by S. D. Sollers & Co., Philadelphia, for whom we are sole agents.
Every purchaser of ONE DOLLAR or more receives a ticket entitling them to a chance at a HANDSOME SEWING MACHINE, to be given away about October 1st at
RYTTENBERG BROTHERS,
ONE PRICE STORE, BITTING'S NEW BLOCK, LIBERTY STREET.
May 3, 1883.—3m-18. WINSTON, N. C

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1883.
HINSHAW & BYNUM,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS,
Fourth Street, WINSTON, N. C.

IN making this announcement we are pleased to say that our business has grown far beyond our most sanguine expectations and in purchasing our regular
SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK,
which we are now opening, we have endeavored to buy such goods as will meet
THE WANTS OF OUR CUSTOMERS.
We long ago recognized the fact that business does not go by favor but that people will trade where they can get the
MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY.
We are in position to give our customers as many or more goods for the same money than any house in the State. Why:

1st. We have had seventeen years' experience in the mercantile business and know what to buy to best advantage and when to buy.

2nd. We have sufficient capital to enable us to do our business to best advantage.

3rd. We have the most commodious, best arranged store house and most convenient facilities for doing business of any house here.

4th. We know the best is the cheapest, and employ the best Salesmen that can be had.

5th. We do business at a less per cent. of cost on actual sales each succeeding year.

We ask your consideration of the above facts and examination of our Stock which is partly composed of

150 Bags of Coffee.
40 Barrels of Sugar.
65 Barrels Syrup and Molasses.
25 Boxes of Meat.
5 Tierces of Lard.
10 Barrels of Coal Oil.
3 Barrels Lindseed Oil
2000 lbs. Lewis' White Lead.
300 Sacks of Salt.
10 Rolls Sole Leather.
125 Kegs of Nails.
25 " Horse and Mule Shoes.
30 Boxes Horse Shoe Nails.
50 doz. Handled Hoes
50 doz. Shovels, Forks and Spades.
20 dozen Grass and Grain Blades.
5 doz. Grain Cradles.
1500 Bullongues and Shovels.

Specialties in large quantities at factory prices.
F. H. Fries' Jeans, Cottonades, Sheeting and Bunch Cotton.
35 Bales Bellmont Plaids.
Eagle and Phœnix Jeans, Cottonades, Ticks, Hickory Shirting, Gingham, Sewing Cotton, &c.
T. Miles' Sons Ladies, Misses and Gentlemen's Fine Shoes.
Bay State Shoes and Boots.
James A. Leach's Thomasville Shoes.
J. & P. Coats' Spool Cotton.
Home Spool Cotton
"Excelsior" Cook Stoves, the best made.

The ladies will find a complete line of Dress Goods and Trimmings and all the Novelties of the season in our Retail Store and are cordially invited to call and examine our stock and prices before making their purchases. Our stock in this line is unsurpassed and prices not equalled.
We don't buy by sample, all of our goods in this department are selected in New York and other Northern cities by one of the firm. This way we get later styles and make better selections than merchants who depend on buying from "drummers" can possibly get.

15 Cases Prints.
10 Cases of Cottonades and Jeans.
10 Cases and Bales Bleached and Brown Domestics.
5 Cases Worsted and Dress Goods.
4 Cases Pequet and Lawn.
20 Cases Notions.
150 Cases Boots and Shoes.
35 Cases Hats.
2 Cases Cassimere.
200 Suits of Clothing.
2 Cases Shirts.
2 Cases Umbrellas and Parasols.
3 Cases School Books, Stationary and Blank Books.
10 Cases Clocks.
Full stock of Patent Medicines, Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Cotton and Jute Rope, Buckets, Tubs, Kegs, &c.
25 Cases Tinware.
Hollowware, Shot, Lead, &c.

5,000 Bags Star Brand Special Tobacco Manure for the tobacco crop and we will have 10,000 Bags of the Celebrated Star Brand Wheat Manure for the wheat crop this fall. We invite everybody to come and see us.

Yours very truly,
HINSHAW & BYNUM.
Winston, N. C., May 1st, 1883.

PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE.
WINSTON, N. C.
FOR THE SALE OF LEAF TOBACCO.
Our sales, to date, have been larger than ever before since the house opened.
Our prices, for grades sold, have been equal to any house in North Carolina or Virginia.
Now that the vexed tax question is settled, we look for an active trade in all grades of Tobacco; more especially the better grades of ripe, rich and waxy, as well as all grades of brights.
We give below a partial list of sales of some parcels of good grades of bright recently made at PIEDMONT.

1	Lot, J. G. White,	at	33.00	1	Lot, J. W. Crouse,	at	32.00	1	Lot, Wm. Vogler, at 55.00
1	" "	"	50.00	1	" "	"	45.00	1	" C. A. Culler, " 49.00
1	" J. W. Smith,	"	40.00	1	" "	"	55.00	1	" Alex. Merritt, " 49.00
1	" J. S. Fulp,	"	34.00	1	" "	"	65.00	1	" A. Phelps, " 64.00
1	" "	"	50.00	1	" James Bowles,	"	39.00	1	" W. J. Macceup, " 55.00
1	" I. W. Crouse,	"	30.00	1	" "	"	46.00	1	" " " 69.00
1	" "	"	49.00	1	" J. B. Spainhour,		50.00		
1	" "	"	57.00	1	" J. L. Reich,	"	50.00		

We expect no decline in any of the better grades during the present Tobacco year; but hope for an improvement.
Mr. J. R. PIERCE, for nearly twenty years past connected with the Danville and Winston Warehouses, is with PIEDMONT, and would be pleased to see his old friends and customers.
Don't forget the name and place: PIEDMONT, corner Old Town and Shallow Ford Streets.
Drive in where you will be cordially received at all times.
May 3, 1883—1t-18. M. W. NORFLEET & CO.

PILLS
BLOOD,
e months. Any per-
be restored to sound
s these Pills have no
, or sent by mail for
. BOSTON, MASS.
BRONCHITIS.
LINIMENT will instan-
eases, and will positively
information that will save
Don't delay a moment.
T (For Internal and Ex-
ternal Use). CURES
g Cough, Whooping Cough,
y Troubles, Diseases of the
s., BOSTON, MASS.
NS LAY
Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'n.
ow & Co., BOSTON, MASS.
EMENT.
G.
LOTHING after this
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ES.
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OS DOWN.
VES
OSIERY, &c. A few
RICES.
cheap,
try them over.
's Shoes,
n we are sole agents.
ticket entitling them
be given away about
ROTHERS,
LIBERTY STREET,
STON, N. C.
883.
YNUM,
THANTS.
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TOMERS.
not go by favor but
T MONEY.
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mercantile business
ony.
r business to best ad-
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he best Salesmen that
sales each succeeding
mination of our Stock
d 15 Cases Prints.
100 Cases of Cottonades
and Jeans.
50 Cases and Bales
Bleached and fine
Brown Domestics.
Cases Worsted and
Dress Goods.
Cases Pequet and
Lawn.
Cases Notions.
150 Cases Boots and
Shoes.
Cases Hats.
Cases Cassimere.
20 Suits of Clothing.
2 Cases Shirts.
2 Cases Umbrellas and
Parasols.
Cases School Books.
Stationary and
Blank Books.
10 Cases Clocks.
Full Stock of Patent
his Medicines, Drugs,
Paints Oils, Varnish-
Cotton and Jute
Rope, Buckets Tubs.
Kegs, &c.
Cases Tinware,
Hollowware, Shot,
Lead, &c.
for the tobacco crop
Star Brand Wheat
everybody to come
BYNUM.
OUSE.
TOBACCO.
the house opened.
orth Carolina or Virginia.
ctive trade in all grades
nd waxy, as well as all
grades of bright recently
00 Wm. Vogler, at 55.00
C. A. Culler, " 49.00
Alex. Merritt, " 49.00
A. Phelps, " 64.00
W. J. Macceup, " 55.00
" 69.00
present Tobacco year;
with the Danville and
eed to see his old friends
Old Town and Shallow
FLEET & CO.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1883.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

1000 Fruit Jars at C. R. Welfare's.

—Dog Days began on Tuesday.

—Rev. J. T. Zorn is again off for the seaside.

—Carpenters are at work putting new flooring in the rooms of the Academy.

—Mrs. T. K. Cranford is on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Meller, in this place.

—W. A. Lemly and Capt. J. E. Gilmer returned from their trip West, on last Saturday.

—Mrs. Jesse Carter and children, of Madison, are at Mrs. Carter's mother's, Mrs. E. A. Vogler, in this place.

—Mrs. J. E. Brown, aged 68 years, mother of Mrs. Dr. Ector, started for Missouri, on the 2nd instant.

—A smoke stack eighty feet high has been erected at the old Salem mill. It is an excellent piece of work.

☞ For best quality of SUGAR at lowest prices, go to HOUGH & CO'S New Cash Grocery, Salem.

—Internal Revenue collections, 5th district, for the week ending Saturday, July 7th, 1883, $15,192.99.

—Mrs. Dr. H. T. Bahnson and children are at Farmington, Davie county; where they will spend a week or more.

—Clarence Wolle and sister, Miss Edith, of Bethlehem, Pa., are on a visit to relatives and friends in this place.

—Thanks to N. T. Shore for several fine beets. We also return thanks to August Rogge for promising us some a ten weeks ago.

—John W. Fries and family, H. W. Fries and Mrs. L. M. Fries, are at Palmyra, the residence of Sam'l Patterson, Caldwell County.

—Sunday hours were observed at the Post Office in this place on the 4th. A handsome U. S. flag was displayed on the building.

—A lot of good furniture, some of it solid walnut, will be sold on Saturday at 1 o'clock, at the late residence of Mrs. DeSchweinitz.

—Roasting ears made their appearance in the market last Friday. Like spring chickens, they were very small and commanded a high price.

—Mrs. Emanuel Reich and Miss Agness Keehln returned home on last Saturday from a visit to Mrs Reich's son, Joseph H. Reich, near Five Forks.

—Rev. L. B. Wurreschke and two of his children left for the mountains, on Monday. They will also visit the natural bridge, in Virginia, before returning home.

—C. L. Rights left for a few day's jaunt at the Yadkin, on Tuesday. We'll wager he makes the acquaintance of some of the finny tribe that are in that noble stream, before he returns.

—The store building occupied by H. W. Fries is being re-painted, inside and outside. Water from the water supply has also been introduced into the building.

—Tickets for Monteagle, Tenn., Sunday School Assembly can be purchased at reduced rates at Salem, Greensboro, Statesville, Asheville and Charlotte, via Atlanta.

—Thad. R. Manning, editor of the Henderson *Gold Leaf*, called on us Tuesday. This is his first visit to this section, and like everybody else, he is favorably impressed.

—Prof. Leonard will close his singing school at Pleasant Fork Church on the fourth Sunday in July. The exercises are public and a large number of people will be present.

—Prof. M. H. Holt, of Oak Ridge, will deliver a lecture on the "Revolutions of the 19th Century," at Yadkinville, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the 12th instant.

—A. C. Vogler sold fourteen coffins from Sunday, the 1st instant, up to last Saturday the 7th. An average of two coffins per day. All but one or two were for persons who died in the country.

—Miss Kate Sowers, of Lexington, is visiting relatives and friends here, and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Winkler. Mrs. Nora Albritton, of Goldsboro, is also on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Winkler.

—Willis E. Hall has moved from the bank building on Main street to the house on Church street, near Cedar Avenue, formerly occupied by the late Bishop DeSchweinitz and family.

—A man was in town the other day trying to sell a litter of hounds that he had raised for 'possum hunting purpose. Upon being asked if he raised sheep, he answered, "Oh, no, I never bother with them."

CAUGHT FISHING.—Robert Ebert killed a large blue crane, on Wednesday morning last, at Dr. Bahnson's fish pond which measured 5 feet, 9 inches from tip to tip of wings, and 4 feet, 9 inches from beak to toe.

—Lieut. S. C. Lemly, U. S. Navy, has returned to Washington City, from a trip to Yokohama, Japan. His brother, Lieut. H. R. Lemly, U. S. A., now at Bogota, U. S. Colombo, is expected home some time in August.

—Rev. L. B. Wurreschke showed us his son Bernard's diploma given him at the last term of Nazareth Hall Boys' School. It is a well executed lithograph, showing in its centre the school edifice and other prominent buildings around it.

—The Annual Sunday School Association of Broadbay township will meet at Union Ridge Church on the fifth or last Sunday in July. Well known speakers will lecture on the occasion.

S. A. HEGE, Vice Pres.

—A number of Miss Maud Butner's young friends gave her a very pleasant surprise party on Thursday evening of last week. The evening was passed very pleasantly and all enjoyed themselves finely, notwithstanding that the thermometer was grasping for 100.

—Those persons who were looking forward for the tariff to be taken off of matches, will rejoice to know that it was removed on the 1st inst; but whether they will rejoice to know that the price of matches is the same as when a tarriff was on them, remains to be seen.

—Theodore Knauss' wife was painfully hurt one day last week, by a refractory cow. She was driving the cow, to which was attached a rope, to the pasture, and in her endeavors to keep her out of a corn patch was dragged about the place, resulting as above stated.

—If any one wishes to walk around for exercise just take a trip with the street lamp-lighter. If he don't get enough pedestrianism instilled in his legs before he gets through we'll "set up" for the cream. We took a round with him Sunday evening and know of what we speak.

—Mrs. J. D. Paylor's music class, assisted by Baker Bros., late of England, gave an entertainment in the Opera House, Winston, on Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the M. E. Sunday School library. There was a large attendance, and the music, both vocal and instrumental, was very good.

☞ By purchasing your GROCERIES of HOUGH & CO. you can save money. Money saved is money made.

—Why they call such things as those that were exploded on Main street on the night of the 4th baby wakeners is beyond our comprehension. They not only made noise enough to awaken all the babies in the two towns, but we'll wager ice cream that the oldest citizens were aroused from their slumbers.

—We have been requested to state that the Lewisville Baptist Sunday School will have a pic nic in the grove near the church, on Saturday, July 14th. The public generally are invited to attend. Refreshments will be served by the ladies, the proceeds to be devoted to benevolent purposes.

—Augustus Charles, a harmless young man, living a few miles from town, received a painful wound on the side of his head, on the 4th July, while in Winston, by being struck with a rock thrown at him by a negro. The negro was locked up for trial next day, but we did not learn the result of the trial.

—The ice cream festival given in the Pace warehouse on the afternoon and night of the 4th inst., by the Wachovia Cornet Band, was well attended by the citizens of both towns, and a handsome sum realized by the Band. In the afternoon the Band made a tour of both towns in their band wagon drawn by eight horses, the reins of which were handled by Sheriff Fogle.

☞ GOOD APPLE VINEGAR, also WHITE WINE VINEGAR at HOUGH & CO'S. Prices positively the lowest.

—Messrs. Fogle Bro's new mill is fast drawing towards completion, and is a handsome and convenient building. A well executed sign over the large door at the front of the building attracted our attention, and upon looking at the "imprint" on it we saw that the sign was the work of our young friend, Jno. L. Beard, of Winston.

—On the afternoon of the 4th the quiet that prevailed in our part of town was broken by a noise, the resemblance of which cannot be described, as nothing like it was ever heard before. Hastening out to see what the racket was about, we were confronted by an ox wagon loaded with real live fantastics. Some of the boys were bent on having a little fun, and they had it.

—The balloon ascension in Winston on the night of the 4th was a success, and a large number of citizens from both towns assembled at the burut square, in Winston to see the aerial voyagers take their flight. There were five balloons, two large and three small ones, and were the work of John Tise and Frank Nading. After the balloon ascension a display of fireworks took place on the same grounds. The Wachovia Cornet Band furnished music at the balloon ascension.

☞ HOUGH & CO. keep an assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES, at their store formerly occupied by the Salem Iron Works, as ware-room. Their Stock is new, First Class in quality, and prices very low for cash. Call and examine.

—Every room in the Salem Hotel is occupied. Among the recently arrived guests are O. H. Perry, Raleigh, P. B. Hickerson, Elkin, N. C., B. S. Atkinson and family, Granville, N. C.. Mrs. S. V. Atkinson and grand-daughter, Snow Hill, N. C., Dr. S. W. Battle, U. S. N., and family.

Mrs. S. V. Atkinson was a pupil of Salem Female Academy, in 1838-'39, as Miss Susan V. Streeter, and has many pleasant recollections of her school days.

—We regret to announce the death of J. L. Fulkerson, formerly a prominent merchant of this place. He was highly esteemed by numerous friends, and will be missed in the community.

Latterly he took considerable interest in the young people, and had the supervision of the reading-rooms and the new circulating library. In all his relations of life he was a faithful friend and christian gentleman. He died on Thursday and was buried in the Moravian cemetery on Friday evening last, aged 63 years

—Mrs. James P. Dillard, of Rockingham, died at the residence of Dr. Lash, at Walnut Cove, Stokes County, on Thursday last.

—The largest and most complete assortment of

ZIEGLER BROTHER'S SHOES

ever brought to this market, just received. H. W. FRIES.

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book Store.

MACHINE-MADE AND OTHERWISE.

QUEER.

There is one thing that's very queer,
And in these lines I'll show it:
When the weather is hot we often hear
Folks tell us about it when we know it.

SPRING CHICKEN.

What mite is this upon my plate?
The hungry boarder cried:
The waiter scratched his woody pate,
And said 'twas a spring chicken fried.

The boarder held the mite up high,
And scanned it o'er and o'er,
Then, in the twinkling of an eye,
And that spring chicken was no more.

—"I am my father's shining son," said the boy as he polished the old man's boots.

—A shirt button is a very small thing, but what a storm it can raise when not found where it belongs.

—Two citizens who did not know that a livery stable had been opened at Dr. Wheeler's stables, were passing by the other day, when one, who noticed the large number of vehicles standing about, remarked to the other: "There's must be a thundering lot of office-seekers calling on the Dr. to day."

—Tink occasionally makes some pretty hard hits. The other day a little shaver who had stole away from his mother long enough to smoke a Duke cigarette, asked him what constituted a fool. Tink looked at the boy awhile and then at the cigarette, and said: "There are different ways to constitute a fool, but the best way to constitute a 'durn' fool is to put fire to one end of a cigarette and you at the other end."

—"Do you credit here?" asked a man who stepped into the office of a young editor. "Oh, yes, we always do that," answered the young editor who had just been hauled over the coals by a cotemporary for not giving credit to articles clipped from his paper. "Well, just credit me for a years subscription to your paper, and the next time I come to town I'll bring in about half-a dozen of my neighbors who will subscribe for it on the same terms," said the man as he gave his name and left. The young editor was in such a hurry to go and consult the foreman about moving elsewhere, that he forgot to put the man's name on the subscription book.

The Hot Weather Causes a Young Man to get into a Predicament.

On last Friday night the heat was very oppressive, and numerous were the devices used by our citizens to keep themselves cool. Palm-leaf fans never were used more vigorously, and ice water was freely drank, while the thermometer coquetted in the nineties. One young man, whose name we will not divulge, was particularly oppressed with the heat, and could not go to sleep after retiring. He had nearly exhausted all his strength keeping a huge palm-leaf fan in motion, when it occurred to him to go out on the roof of the back piazza and try and cool off there. Taking a bed quilt and a pillow he crawled out at the only back window of his room, and spreading the quilt out on the roof he lay down, with his feet pointing towards the eaves of the piazza so that he should not roll off. In making his exit from the window he knocked out a stick that held up the sash, which caused it to slide down, but he paid no attention to that, at least not then, but he had cause in the end to wish that he had.

A short while after taking his position on the roof a breeze sprung up, which soon fanned him off into the land of dreams, and he slumbered well. In fact he slept so well that he was only awakened by the ringing of the bell summoning him to breakfast. Now, right here is where our young friend's predicament comes in. It was broad day light, and numbers of persons of both sexes were passing on the street overlooking the piazza roof on which was exposed to their full view a young man, (not dressed for company), a bed quilt and a pillow, and worst of all, the window sash, which had a spring catch to it had latched when it fell and could only be unfastened from the inside. Realizing his situation, the young man wrapped the heavy quilt about him and made several attempts to raise the sash, but all his efforts proved fruitless, it was too well secured. He thought if he only had his pocket-knife he could remove a pane of glass and unfasten the catch, but his knife was in his pantaloon pocket and his pantaloons were in the room. His situation was, by no means, to be envied, for the heavy quilt which he had wrapped about him excluded every particle of air, and the torture he underwent from heat was awful.

But all things must end sooner or later, and our young friend's predicament had its end, but not without giving the servant girl a terrible fright. She was sent up to wake the young man, and receiving no answer to her knock at his room door she ventured to go in, when she beheld a figure standing out on the piazza roof in front of the window, the looks of which almost paralyzed her. The young man seeing her enter the room began grinning and beckoned for her to come and unfasten the latch which held the sash down, but the girl was too frightened to comprehend, and she gave a scream and bounding out of the room ran down stairs, yelling at the top of her voice, that the young man was gone and one of those fantastic fellows who went about town in an ox cart on the 4th of July was out on the piazza roof making faces and shaking his fists at her.

The head of the family went up to our young friend's room and seeing the predicament he was in raised the sash and let him in. The young man did not have a very good appetite for breakfast that morning, and the servant girl still maintains that it was one of those fantastic fellows she saw at the window, and that he was making faces and shaking his fists at her.

Should the young man challenge us when he sees this article, we will state here that our mode of duelling is with toy pispols, distance, two miles, with a stone wall fifty feet high between.—V.

TIN TAG SUIT.—The injunction obtained by Lorillards against the Messrs. Brown Bros., tobacco manufacturers of Winston, for infringement in their use of the Tin Tag on Plug tobacco, was up for a hearing before United States District Judge Dick, at Greensboro, N. C., on Tuesday last. J. C. Buxton, Esq., of Winston, and Col. Tom Fuller, of Raleigh, appeared for Messrs. B. B., and District Attorney Jas. E. Boyd, of Greensboro, and Col. Cowan, of Baltimore, for the Lorillards. We are glad to learn that the plaintiffs failed to sustain their charges of infringement, and that Judge Dick dissolved the injunction—continuing the case, however, until September, for further testimony on the part of the Lorillards.—*Leader.*

Fourth July in Danbury.

The streets of Danbury were lively with three thousand people. In the morning a fine parade was made with "trade representations on wheels," arranged so as to display the various industries of Danbury. Thirteen young ladies, representing the original 13 States, rode in the procession on horseback, and all being graceful riders the effect was charming. Fully fifteen hundred people assembled at the grand stand and listened to R. B. Glenn read the National Declaration of Independence. Col. James T. Morehead, of Greensboro, Rob't Gilmer of Mt. Airy and P. H. Winston, of Winston, made patriotic addresses. The inimitable Fantastic parade appeared in the afternoon, and a grand display of fireworks at night. At 9, P. M., a grand ball came on and concluded the festivities of the day.—*Reporter.*

Load Your Pipe.—All brands of SMOKING TOBACCO at

C. R. WELFARE'S.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PENCILINGS BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.

FORSYTH AND DAVIDSON COUNTIES.

—Our neighbor, Joseph Nading is very unwell.

—Frank Stewart & Co. intend to thresh a few crops of wheat this week.

—We had a beautiful rain last Sunday evening, and vegetation was greatly refreshed by it.

—We notice that John E. Faw, Esq., is convassing this county for the sale of J. Van Lindley's fruit trees.

—People are the latest about finishing their mowing that we ever knew them to be. There is a good deal of hay to make yet.

—We see some farmers are sowing peas on their stubble land and will turn them under. This is a very good way to improve land.

—We hear of many bee swarms running away this year. One person who has had six swarms, says he succeeded in hiving only one.

—Some oats seem to be late this year. We saw a good deal which had not been cut yet on last Saturday. Late oats were the best this spring.

—Farmers are "laying by" corn. Corn is very uneven this year. The replants are small, while that which stood from the first planting is large enough.

—There was an abundant June apple crop this year. Every tree that we have seen was full, and many of the limbs broken by their heavy load of apples.

—We hear considerable complaint of musk rats destroying corn in bottom lands. They have become very numerous, and boys might make some clear money trapping for them this winter.

—A farmer thinks he has found a sure cure for cholera in hogs and chickens: He says feed them plenty of sulphur, and they will not take cholera, and he says if they already have it, that sulphur will cure them.

—Martin Harmon, who started with his wife to Missouri a few days since, has written a letter back saying that they arrived there safely. Mr. Harmon is a harness maker and intends to follow his trade in Missouri.

—There is much complaint of peaches rotting. Budded peach trees bear nice sableable fruit, but the most of it must be used on the green order, as it usually rots before it fully matures. For drying purposes the old fashioned peaches are the best.

—Some who put their wheat in their barns wet had to take it out and dry it. We fear there is much wheat that needs the same treatment. People would do well to pay good attention to their wheat, as it takes but a few days for it to spoil.

—A few days ago Isaac Teague started to Salem, and the water being up, he did not take notice that the creek was washed out more than usual; consequently his horse became entangled in such a manner that Mr. Teague had some difficulty in getting him out.

—Dempsy Clinard, of Davidson county, has three pigs, three weeks old, and three that are two weeks old. They are a cross between the Poland China and the Berkshire, and the nicest pigs we ever saw at their age. Mr. Clinard says it pays best to keep only a few hogs and feed them well.

—On last Tuesday, Daniel Sink, of Bethany, Davidson county, started to his field to haul wheat, with his feet hanging down under the wagon; and in driving over a stump one foot was caught between the stump and the axle of the wagon, breaking both bones of the leg between the knee and the ankle.

—It is a little strange that the public roads which are the most hilly and naturally the worst situated, are kept in the best condition as a general thing. Overseers on level roads become careless, and commonly go over the roads only about once a year, giving them but a a slight working at these annual meetings.

DAVIE COUNTY.—There is a great deal of sickness in the country, mostly dysentery and a few cases of flux.

Mr. Wilson Kurfees, who was reported some time since as being insane, was taken to the Asylum at Morganton on Monday.

Mrs. F. M. Gaither, who attempted to kill herself last week by cutting her throat, is still alive and the chances are that she will recover. From what we learn she is insane, or laboring under some strange hallucinations.—*Times.*

County Commissioners' Court.

The Board met at 10 o'clock Monday, July 2nd. A full Board was present, with Mr. Kie Lott, acting clerk.

Ordered, That the Clerk notify the several Justices of the Peace of the county to meet this Board on the 1st Monday in August next.

D. P. Mast, Esq., was allowed a claim of $13.

Bob Murphy, of Abbott's Creek, was allowed to list taxes for 1883 before the Clerk of the Board.

The following is a list of Jurors drawn for the August term of the Inferior Court of Forsyth county, to-wit:

H C Edwards, Frand Tuttle, Geo W Leak, Daniel Smith, F W Mickey, C H Hauser, Len Ketner, Asa Jones, Jr, Cyrus Aldred, Isaac Petree, Calvin Ford, J A Lowery, C R Orrender, Jacob H Mock, R J Norman, A J Snider, C F Nissen, A D Stimpson, Henry Enochs, Junius Boyer, T W Reynolds, E M Adams, O L Pegg, H A Lewis, W H Hinsdale, Dempsy Baily, Lewis Spaugh, Henry Marshall, Solomon Tise, H Haizlip.

C H Hauser was appointed to let contract for building bridge across Bear Creek on the road between Old Town and Bethania.

Sarah Brown, Susan Lovett, Edith Jones and Pleas Foy were each allowed money as out-side paupers.

Chas. Rothrock, Esq., was appointed to examine the foard at Geo F Hege's on the Cucumber road, and report condition at August meeting.

Tax Assessors were allowed and paid as follows:

N S Cook	$24 00
T J Valentine	10 00
David Shouse	6 00
Jesse F Grubbs	8 00
Chas Rothrock	20 00
Miller Bros., lumber	2 50
E J Hine, bridge	12 35
T T Best, per diem	12 60

A stock law fence election was ordered for a part of Abbott's Creek township. A Pitts, Registrar, John P Hedgecock and Hasten, Judges; election to be held August 4th, 1883.

W M Lancaster was appointed Stock Law Tax Collector in a portion of Belew's Creek and Salem Chapel townships, and J W Speas, for Old Richmond.

Dr R D Hay was allowed and paid $25 15 for services at the Poor-House.

The following preamble and resolution was passed:

WHEREAS, The law requires the Sheriff or Tax Collector to settle in full all State and County taxes for the previous year, and to exhibit receipts from the State and County Treasurers to the Board of County Commissioners, showing that the same has been fully settled; now, therefore, it is ordered that the Tax Books for the year 1883 will not be turned over to the Sheriff until the law is fully complied with.

The Board passed a general order authorizing the Sheriff to receive a single tax on all unlisted taxes, poll and property, for all years up to and including 1882.

T T Best wass appointed to make settlement with T S Stoltz, Stock Law Tax Collector in Bethania township.—*Republican.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

KERNERSVILLE LETTER.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Mr. Joseph E. Kerner, our worthy Postmaster here, asked me the other morning to go with him to see him feed his fish. "O," said I, "you will not see any." He said, "come along and I will show you." I accordingly went, and when we got there he began to throw bread crumbs upon the water, and after waiting some little time, I saw something that would have made "Old Isaac Walton" smile. There came quite a number of nice fellows, some ten inches long and as wide as my hand. I tell you they looked appetizing, and I felt like "going for them."

About the last of February or first of March, he prepared his pond, and stocked it with forty-two German carp, the longest of which was about one inch; and in about four months they have grown to their present size, and if they continue growing at the same rate till Fall, they will certainly be nice. When Mr. Kerner goes alone to feed them they come right off, but if he has company they are shy, and you have to wait awhile before you can get to see them.

Last week it was very warm here, but on Sunday afternoon we had a beautiful rain and everything seems livened up to-day.

I asked Mr. J. W. Beard if his wheat was as good this year as last, and his answer was, "better;" and this is the answer I generally get from farmers around here.

Corn is small, but it has a good color; and if the rains continue we can still make a good crop. There is more tobacco planted round here than I thought could be; and if there is more bread and meat and less tobacco, I don't know but what it will be for the better.

I saw a man from up the country the other day, and he told me that our Episcopal Methodist friends had a great time in the consecration of their new church at Antioch, on the 4th Sunday in June. It is said to be one among the neatest churches in the county, and no doubt a great deal of the success in its completion is due to the energy and perseverance of Rev. Solomon Helsebeck, who we hope may long be spared to enjoy the fruits of his labors.

C. L. R.

Kernersville, N. C., July 8, 1883.

CHAPEL HILL, July 9th, 1883.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The University Normal School is progressing finely; there are two hundred and forty-four members enrolled, with about two hundred present now. The females have a majority of fifty-two.

Prof Rayhill, an elocutionist, from Illinois, who has just returned from Paris, will lecture on the culture of the voice, this morning. Other prominent men are expected here during the Normal. Supt. Scarborough lectured last week. The State Teachers' Association met here 4th of July; there were but few county Superintendents present. More next week. J. F. M.

For the Press.

The people in Abbott's Creek neighborhood were greatly shocked last Thursday on receiving the intelligence that Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Christian Bodenhamer, had committed suicide by hanging herself.

There has been much sickness in the family of late, and Mrs. Bodenhamer has been in very delicate health for a long time, but to all appearance, she has been of rational mind all the time. On last Thursday after supper, Mr. Bodenhamer remarked to her, that he thought she had better go to another room as the kitchen was warm from cooking in it, and at the same time he started to his work. In about fifteen minutes one of the children came to him and told him of the suicide. He went to the house and going up stairs he found that she had gotten upon a "girder," and with a skein of flax thread had hung herself to a rafter. The thread had broken before he got to her, and he found her lying on the floor. He applied restoratives, but soon found that life was extinct.

Amid a large circle of sympathizing friends and relations, she leaves a family consisting of a husband and eight children. The oldest child is about sixteen years of age, and the youngest is only about seven weeks old. As Mr. Bodenhamer is in very feeble health, we hope the family will receive such kindness from the neighbors as they, in their condition, deserve.

DIED.

In Winston, on Thursday last, Mrs. SARAH MCKINSIE, aged 82 years.

In Winston, on the 2nd inst., Mrs. JULIA HILL, relict of the late Hon. John Hill, of Stokes County, aged 82 years.

In Waughtown, on the 29th ult., infant son of Edward Longworth.

In Bethlehem, Pa., on the 28th June, Mrs. CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH CLAUDER, m. n. Ruede, relict of the late Rev. H. G. Clauder, aged 75 years, 8 months and 13 days. Both were natives of this State and served as missionaries among the Cherokee Indians before their removal from Georgia, and afterwards in various Moravian congregations North and West. She had numerous relatives and friends here.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat	$ 90 to 1 00
Corn, per bushel	00 to 65
Oats, " "	45 to 50
Rye, " "	00 to 00
Barley, per bush	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred	2 25 to 2 50
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel	0 00 to 0 65
Peas, (white,) " "	90 00 to 0 0
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,) " "	00 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel	0 00 to 0 00
Pork	8 00 to 9 00
Country Meat, (hog round,)	00 to 00
" Hams	00 to 00
Green Apples per bushel	00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen	12 to 00
Butter, per pound	20 to 25
Tallow, " "	6 to 08
Beeswax, " "	00 to 30
Flax Seed, per bushel	90 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	50 to 60
Potatoes, sweet, " "	00 to 30
Cabbage, per pound	00 to 00
Chickens, per dozen	2 00 to 3 00
Hay, per hundred	40 to 50
Fodder, per hundred bdls	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs	00 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs Common Red	4 00 to 5 50
" Good	7 00 to 10 00
" Bright	5 00 to 6 00
" Good	6 50 to 7 50
" Fine	12 00 to 18 00
Fillers Common	4 50 to 8 50
" Good	12 00 to 15 00
" Fine	20 00 to 25 00
Wrappers Common	15 00 to 25 00
" Good	20 00 to 30 00
" Fine	35 00 to 45 00
" Fancy	50 00 to 00 00

Dried Fruit Market.

Cherries, pitted	15 cents.
Damsons, Plums	8 "
Whortleberries	8 "
Blackberries	6 "
Quarter Apples	3 to 4 "
Sliced Apples, common	3 to 4 "
Sliced Apples, bright	4 to 5 "
Dark Peeled Peaches	3 to 4 "
Bright " "	7 to 9 "
Fancy " "	10 to 12 "
Quarters, unpeeled	3 "
Halves "	4 "

BINGHAM SCHOOL,

(Established in 1793,)

Is **PRE-EMINENT** among Southern Boarding Schools for Boys, in **Age,** in **Numbers,** in **Area** of **Patronage** and in equipment for **Physical Culture.**

The 179th Session will begin Aug. 1st, 1883.

Maj. R. BINGHAM, Sup't.

Bingham School P. O., Orange Co., N. C.

PLANTATION FOR SALE!

A tract of land containing about 112 acres, well watered, within three miles of Winston, with considerable wood land and meadow thereon, for sale. The improvements consist of a dwelling, barn and tobacco barn.

Apply to L. V. BLUM, Salem.
T. R. PURNELL, Raleigh.

TOWN LOTS FOR SALE!

The undersigned offers for sale four town lots in Winston, three situated on Depot Street, and one west of the court-house, in rear of Wm. B. Gleen's residence. For further information apply to the undersigned, or to Charles Bufort, at railroad depot.

Terms cash. L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

A Book for Everybody, Men and Women, Young and Old.

"Error's Chains," "How Forged and Broken," a complete history of the beliefs, peculiarities, legends and traditions, customs and habits of mankind throughout the world, ancient and modern. It is purely religious. Contains 785 pages, and costs, cloth $4.00; Library style, $5.00; Full Morocco, $6.75. Prompt attention given to subscriptions left at the PRESS office, Salem.

Anddress orders to
P. A. SNIDER, Agent,
Winston, N. C.

WANDA,
OUIDA'S LAST NOVEL,
AT THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

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MILLINERY GOODS, NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS,

RIBBONS, VELVETS, FLOWERS AND STRAW GOODS

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND SUPPLIED TO THE TRADE AT VERY LOW FIGURES.

☞ OUR GOODS SURPASS ANYTHING IN THE MARKET. ☜

Salem, N. C., May 17, 1883.-20.

North Carolina R.R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Jan. 3 1883.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily
Leave Charlotte	4 10 a m	4 35 p m
" Salisbury	6 05 a m	6 26 p m
" High Point	7 28 a m	7 50 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 10 a m	8 32 p m
Leave Greensboro		9 10 p m
Arrive Hillsboro		11 28 p m
" Durham		12 08 a m
" Raleigh		1 25 a m
Leave "		1 30 a m
Arrive Goldsboro		3 50 a m

No. 15—Daily, except Saturday.
Leave Greensboro 6 30 a m.
Arrive at Raleigh 2 45 p. m.
Arrive Goldsboro 7 20 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for all points in Western North Carolina.

No. 53—Daily at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, and for all points on the W. & W. R. R.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Jan. 3, 1883.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily.
Leave Goldsboro	10 00 a m	
Arrive Raleigh	12 15 p m	
Leave "	4 15 p m	
Arrive Durham	5 32 p m	
" Hillsboro	6 11 p m	
" Greensboro	8 30 p m	
Leave "	9 15 p m	9 11 a m
Arrive High Point	9 50 p m	10 30 a m
" Salisbury	11 12 p m	12 15 p m
" Charlotte	0 a m	2 15 p m

No. 16, D'lyex. Sunday—Lv. Golds. 4 40 a. m
Ar. Raleigh 8 36 p. m
Lv. Raleigh 9 10 a. m
Ar. Greensboro 4 45 p. m

No. 50—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A. L., for all points in South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily, ex. Sun
Leave Greensboro	9 25 p m	10 25 a m
Arrive Kernersville	10 11 p m	11 35 a m
" Salem	11 10 p m	12 09 p m

GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	53, Daily.
Leave Salem	6 20 a m	6 15 p m
Arrive Kernersville	6 46 a m	6 45 p m
" Greensboro	7 45 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 1 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	7 30 a m
Arrive University	8 32 a m

GOING SOUTH.	No. 2 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Raleigh	5 40 p m
Arrive University	6 42 p m

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
WITHOUT CHANGE,

On Train No. 50—New York and Atlanta via Washington and Danville.

On Train No. 52, Richmond and Danville and Washington and Augusta, Ga., via. Danville.

☞ Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the South-west, address

M. SLAUGHTER,
Gen'l Pass'r Agt.
Richmond, Va.

Dissolution.

The firm of Reynolds and Reynolds has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Either party is empowered to settle claims, give receipts, etc.

W. P. REYNOLDS,
C. A. REYNOLDS,

May 1, 1883.

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HAVING removed to Liberty Street, in Winston, offers his professional services to the citizens of Winston, Salem and surrounding country. With a practice of twenty-five years he hopes to have a liberal patronage.

OFFICE second house North of First National Bank.

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Don't neglect this opportunity of buying books at AUCTION PRICES.

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A CHARGE TO THE BEES.

Go forth, O bees, at blush of prime,
Go forth, O bees, and waste no time;
Into the jeweled chalice climb
Of every bloom, that opens fresh this hour;
And be ye sure ye find the apple flower.

Oh, slight the violet, if ye will,
And slight the green-gold daffodil,
And hyacinth made sweeter still
By soft caressings of the midnight shower;
But see ye pass not by the apple flower.

I could forgive ye, that ye missed
The lilac tubes of amethyst,
Lilies, that heaven's breath has kissed
And all the sweets in wildwood Flora's bower;
But see ye pass not by the apple flower.

O bees, though ye were now released
To search the gardens of the east,
I'll call ye home, amidst your feast;
I charge you, bring me honey for my dower;
Bring me the honey of the apple flower.

LOVE IN ASHES.

"Scant of nine, and the washing all out," mused thrifty Mrs. Chutter, as she scrubbed the porch. "Deacon, I'll get you to set the big tub down the cellar, if you will."

"Certain, wife," responded the deacon from his cart in the door yard.

"There comes Kendall's new basket wagon, with two women in it," pursued the lady, wringing her mop. "Isn't that the horse that balks?"

Being in the critical act of emptying a four-gallon bucket of soap the good man vouchsafed no reply. When the jellied mass had quivered and splashed into the barrel in waiting, he looked up just in season to see the gay little pony shy at the cart and go tearing down the road.

"They'll upset! they'll be killed! Run after 'em! Do something!" shrieked Mrs. Chutter.

"Don't get excited, wife; they're all right now. That girl drives like a man."

And picking up his bucket the moderate deacon marched off for a second supply of soap. But though the little incident had failed to shake his nerves, it did make him oblivious of his wife's washtub poised on the landing of the dim stairway, and as a natural consequence he put his foot in it. The tub rolled, the deacon swayed like a pestle in a mortar; there was a lively succession of bumps, followed by a clatter and a thud, and deacon, tub and bucket strewed the cellar floor.

"Adah and Ahihu!" ejaculated the fallen saint, with sinful energy.

"What's up, uncle?" cried an anxious voice overhead.

"I can tell you what's down," was the grim response. "Come and brace me while I try to step."

The owner of the voice, a fine-looking youth of one-and-twenty, was already groping his way among the debris, his aunt in the rear with the camphor.

The deacon's attempted locomotion resulted in a groan.

"I must have sprained my ankle, Harvey. If I'd postponed this tub race till after I'd been my rounds, 'twould have been better calculation."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about my rounds, uncle. What's the hurry?"

"My customers expect me to-day, that's the point. I hate masterly to break my word. Now there's the widow Cleaves waiting for me to take her ashes, so she can scrub after me with the boiling suds, and up at Kendall's they're clean out of soap."

"And not clean without it, eh?" laughed the young man. "See here, uncle; since you are going to feel so uneasy about disappointing the people, why not send me in your stead?"

"You, in your fine clothes! I should smile," mumbled Mrs. Chutter, with the stopper of the camphor bottle between her teeth.

"Why can't my uncle's mantle fall upon me, auntie? I was intending to borrow the frock."

"Well, if I do say it, you've got the Vance common sense. Some young men of your bringing up would be ashamed to drive a soap cart."

"Humph! Some young men would be fools," said the deacon, with warmth. "Nobody has any call to be ashamed to deliver such soap as I make. If you've a mind to run the team to-day, Harvey, I shall be obleeged to you."

Fifteen minutes later the worthy deacon was extending his aching length upon the sitting-room lounge, and gazing through the open window after his youthful proxy, who, duly initiated into the mysteries of the calling, was driving away in the big blue cart. Behind jounced and creaked an empty ash-bin, flanked by two covered barrels of soap; but the swinging seat was clean and comfortable, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country.

A half mile and more the road wound through his uncle's fertile acres, for Deacon Chutter was withal a farmer. Farming, indeed, was his chief vocation, soap-boiling being an accessory venture growing out of sundry extensive experiments in the use of leached ashes as a fertilizer. It was one of those tuneful mornings in early June when all nature joins in a glad doxology. The newly-arrived bobolinks, tipsy with glee, carroled in the meadows. The orioles, hanging their hammocks in the elms, could scarcely work for singing. Gay breezes whispered love to the graceful young clover, then danced away to flirt with the coy hillside birches. Everywhere were life and motion irradiated by the benignant sun. For Harvey Vance's study-weakened eyes there was too much glare, too much flutter. He lost no time in putting on his blue goggles.

"Who cares if they do make me look like a frog?" mused he, as he settled them astride his aristocratic nose. "Thanks to them and to change of air, my poor optics are undoubtedly improving. I shall be back to college by fall. Ha! ha! if the fellows could only see me now!"

And here, to the infinite surprise of staid Dobbin, his new master broke into a rollicking class song—a song abruptly ended as a turn in the road revealed a near farmhouse.

"If I peddle soap, I'll peddle it with due decorum," soliloquized the youth, knocking upon the back door with the handle of his whip.

To have seen the capable air with which he measured ashes bushel by bushel, giving in exchange money, or gallons of soap, according to the customer's desire, one would have pronounced him bred to the soap business. Since his month's rustication at his Aunt Chutter's he had made the acquaintance of most of the farmers along the river, and these expressed their gratification at meeting "a judge's son that wasn't afraid to work," but outside the parish limits his triumphal march terminated. He was a stranger in a strange land. One man asked if he had bought out the deacon; a second hoped he wasn't proposing to run an opposition team; and the loyal widow Cleaves could hardly be persuaded to surrender her ashes, because, forsooth, she preferred to trade with Deacon Chutter.

Obedient to his uncle's instructions, at her cottage the young man took a crossroad to Kendall's, a summer hotel, familiarly styled "The Eyrie."

"You'll find it a long three miles," had been Mrs. Cleaves' parting remark.

"Three miles, and not a neighbor between here and there; I couldn't blame the widow if she should want to change her situation," mused the deacon's deputy, scanning the western horizon. "Shouldn't wonder if that cloud yonder meant business. I thought the sun was too bright this morning. Well, a little high-toned thunder will drown this everlasting racket."

Facing about to wedge in position an empty soap barrel he observed two ladies driving up the hill in a basket phaeton.

"That looks like Kendall's team that gave auntie such a panic this morning," thought he. "Those ladies are some of his boarders, I suppose—Tom Cavender's mother and sister, for aught I know. I have heard they were stopping at the Eyrie. Goodness! wouldn't it be a joke if I should fall in with them to-day!"

Meanwhile the younger lady in the carriage was merrily commenting on the quasi soap-man's active figure, conspicuously and amply clad in the deacon's canvas frock and overalls.

"I hope he isn't a perambulating maniac, mamma."

"It's the very cart that frightened the pony!" was the terrified response. "Do let me get out, Lila! Oh! oh!"

But already the horse was backing down the hill. Harvey sprang from the cart, and grasped the refractory animal by the bridle just in season to prevent the carriage from overturning in the ditch.

"Thank you, sir—thank you very much," said the girlish driver, the color rushing back to her face. "Now, if you'll be kind enough to lead our pony past your cart we shall be yet more obliged."

"A pretty girl—stylish too, but abominably patronizing," thought the young Sophomore, stalking resentfully at the pony's head.

"There, now your cart is behind us, we shall have no further trouble. I'm sorry to have detained you, sir. Infinitely obliged."

In leaving the ladies Harvey mechanically raised his hat, the deacon's hat—alas! yellowed and frayed by farm service. The touch set flying the ashes upon its brim, giving our receding hero the effect of being caught away in a cloud. A little blinded, but laughing behind his goggles, he went back to old Dobbin and waited for the ladies to go on in advance.

But what ailed that surprising pony? The young lady chirruped to him; he would not budge. She snapped the whip; he stood as stiff as the wooden horse of the Trojans.

"Oh, daughter, daughter, he's balking!" cried the elder lady, who appeared to be an invalid. "If there is anything I'm afraid of, it's a balking horse."

"Allow me, madame," said Harvey, again advancing.

He twisted the animal's ear a moment to divert his attention, then took him by the bit and led him several paces.

"See, mamma, the pony has got over his sulks. Thank you, sir."

The young lady resumed the reins; the fractious quadruped promptly refused to stir.

"Let me get out, Lila; I won't go another step with him."

"He doesn't seem to be going,' said the daughter, with a vexed laugh. "You know you can't walk a rod. You'll surely have a relapse, mamma, if you don't sit still."

Again Harvey led the pony. Again the tantalizing nag stiffened in his harness the instant Miss Lila took the reins. Many times was this farce repeated, and many were the minutes wasted. Meantime the sky had become overcast, and thunder was muttering in the distance.

"My mother has been very ill. If she is caught in the shower she may get her death," cried Miss Lila, in distress. "Oh, what shall we do?"

"If you will pardon the suggestion, I might drive you to the Eyrie, if that is your destination," said Harvey, with a deprecatory glance at his masquerading costume.

"Oh, will you? But there is your horse and cart?"

"I could come back for them."

"And with all mamma's shawls and pillows the phaeton is hardly wide enough for us two."

"That is true; it is a Lilliputian affair." The youth was gravely testing its light springs and braces.

"Is there danger of breaking down? Then you go with mamma, and I'll drive the cart."

"Lila Cavender! The idea!" expostulated the invalid.

"Tom Cavender's mother and sister, by the ashes of my uncle! What a scrape!" was the young soap merchant's inward ejaculations as he awaited the ladies' pleasure.

"What better can I do, mamma? I shall ride famously. Unless you're afraid to trust me with your horse," the young lady added, with a glance toward Harvey.

"Not in the least. He's far from being a fiery Bucephalus."

Struck with the incongruity of the remark from such a source Miss Lila lost all control of her dimples.

"That seat is suspended between the heavens and the earth, like Mohammed's coffin, mamma," she jested, by way of cloaking her untimely mirth. "One ought to be shot into it out of a catapult."

To aid the young lady in mounting, Harvey silently extended a hand, whose exceeding smuttiness was intensified by a seal ring that glittered upon the little finger. Miss Lila glanced curiously at the fine cameo with its quaint setting. Who was this anomalous being who sported costly ornaments and quoted from the classics? And where, where had she seen that peculiar cameo before, or one just like it? Ah! now she recollected; Tom had worn it home last vacation, when he and his chum had exchanged rings. But how had this soap-man become possessed of it? Could it be that he and Harvey Vance were identical? Tom had said that Harvey was spending the summer in the neighborhood. This must be he. Yes, she was sure of it.

Obedient to the young man's will, that unaccountable pony darted away on the wings of the wind. Close behind, head down, tail up, followed old Dobbin in a heavy canter which seemed to shake the very leaves on the trees. Charged upon by the empty soap barrel, Miss Lila slipped to the other side of the seat and clung to the ash-bin. A mile was passed, two miles. The gable-roofed Eyrie loomed in the distance. On sped the pony; on lumbered old Dobbin; on swooped the storm-cloud. A dozen guests crowded out upon the hotel piazza to witness the exciting race.

"How white Mrs. Cavender looks!" cried one. "Where did she pick up that fantastic driver?"

"Is that Miss Lila in the cart?" exclaimed the gentleman addressed. "Well, she's a girl of mettle! Ha! here comes the rain!"

As the phaeton dashed up he rushed out with an open umbrella to escort Mrs. Cavender into the house. In mounting the steps she turned toward Harvey.

"You have done us a great service, sir. I assure you we are grateful. My daughter will see that you are recompensed for your time and trouble."

"The dickens she will!" thought the deacon's indignant substitute.

Standing beneath the dripping eaves, with rivulets of lye coursing down his cheeks, he assisted the moist young lady to alight. "I am—we are deeply indebted to you," she stammered, blushingly. "My mother—"

"Has taken no cold, I trust," said he, loftily. "Good-afternoon."

And horse, cart and driver disappeared kitchenward.

In putting the cart to rights that evening Harold discovered a grimy object caught between the seat and the ash-bin. It proved to be a lady's pocket-handkerchief, bearing in one corner the name of "Lila Cavender." He handed it to his aunt for bleaching purposes, and received in return a letter from Tom.

"My mother and sister have perched at the Eyrie, on Emden Hill," it ran. "My mother is getting up from a fever, and is bound to get as high up as she can. If you're anywhere near their secluded nest do peep in upon them. They'll be charmed to make your acquaintance."

"I believe I'll take that handkerchief to Miss Cavender to-morrow, auntie, and have it off my mind," remarked Harvey, carelessly, as he folded the letter.

"Well—or you might send it by the stage." But Harvey was deaf to the suggestion.

The next evening, falsely attired, and minus spectacles, he presented himself at the Eyrie, and was cordially welcomed by both Mrs. Cavender and her daughter. Convinced that he was not recognized as squire of the soap cart, he saw no necessity for proclaiming himself such. In making his first call why should he introduce himself as a clown?

"You've made quite a visit," was his aunt's salutation when Harvey entered the sitting-room. "Was the girl glad to get her handkerchief?"

"To tell the truth, auntie, I didn't give it to her."

"Humph! Strange how a handsome young woman will weaken a chap's memory," observed the deacon, slyly, as his wife bandaged the offending ankle. "I don't see but Harvey'll have to call again."

He did call again, and again, and again. Indeed, his rides to the Eyrie grew so frequent that his uncle one day teasingly counseled him to buy a second saddle-horse.

"Or get a carriage that will hold two," amended his aunt. At which the youth flushed guiltily, confirming Mrs. Chutter in her private opinion that he was "very far gone."

He went further yet that evening—even to the length of proposing to Miss Lila.

The little coquette only laughed, and bade him not to be absurd.

Absurd? He would really like to know what she meant.

Oh, they were both so young.

Harvey looked hurt, and intimated that he, at least, was nearing the downhill of life.

And he didn't know her well enough.

The youth eagerly protested that he knew her well enough to love her.

"Beside, I'm not sure but I like another young man better."

"Oh, if you care for somebody else, why then—why, in that case—" Harvey found the English language terribly intricate, and rose with precipitation.

"I met him first, you know," said Miss Lila, dropping her eyes apologetically, "and I am under great obligations to him."

"Oh, it's all right. You're all right, I mean; but I think Tom might have told me."

"Told you what?"

"About this other fellow."

"There isn't much to tell," said Miss Lila, demurely. "He hasn't come forward." Harvey drew on his glove with a mystified air. "But I am looking for him any day now, for the Eyrie is nearly out of soap."

"You bewitching little tease!"

Miss Lila's cheeks were eddying with dimples deep enough to drown a man's heart. Perhaps they made Harvey's head swim. I can't say. I only know that he laid hold of the young lady's hands at that moment in the most giddy fashion, and she seemed quite willing to let him steady himself in this manner.

"Well, Harvey, I expect to be on my legs again to-morrow," observed the facetious deacon, at breakfast; "and when I call at the Eyrie I guess you'd better let me give that young woman her handkerchief."

"Thank you very much; I attended to that last night."

"It didn't seem just right to keep her out of it so long, Harvey," remarked his aunt, dryly, as she passed his coffee. "You ought to have paid her interest."

"Humph! don't you be a mite concerned, wife," said the deacon, with a mischievous wink. "Depend upon it, Harvey has squared his accounts with that young woman before this, and taken her note of hand. He's driven business since that day I set him up in the cart."—*Bazar.*

Care of the Hair.

When not the consequence of old age baldness is a disease, and it is a far more terrible enemy to overcome than white hair. No healthy person should begin to be bald till after fifty years of age, and yet a general lamentation arises of young people, barely in their twenties, losing their hair. Here, therefore, must be some defect of constitution, some disease of the hair, that should not exist. Headaches, and indeed almost every kind of suffering, whether of the mind or body, frequently cause the hair to fall. Too much study or thought or application of any kind will have a similar effect. Women are less subject to baldness than their brothers. Man works more with his brains, generally speaking, than woman. He also indulges in drink or other excesses more than women, and, as a rule, keeps his head covered more than women do. An Italian proverb says that hats kill hair. Hygienic precautions may do much toward maintaining the hair thick. The writer knew of a man who kept his hair thick, almost black, by never wearing a hat all his life. At eighty he married a third wife and had a third family of children. You must not expect, however, that your hair will never fall, even in health, nor need you be dismayed when you see hair come off when brushing or combing. Hair falls at certain seasons as dead leaves from trees, to make room for new ones to grow. If, however, you see too many come off and the fall continues too long, then cut the hair as you would cut a faded plant; it will grow stronger, richer afterward. If people cut their hair regularly hairdressers would have little to do, and wig-makers would be ruined. Frequent washing in cold salt water is also recommended to prevent the hair from falling, and daily friction is good.

FASHION NOTES.

Young girls dress their hair close in braids or torsades looped up in the back.

The most fashionable stockings are of silk or lisle thread in plain colors or black

Flowers and lace enter more and more into the decorations of evening dresses.

The prevailing colors in furniture call for brass, mahogany and Louis XVI. styles.

Colors are combined as much as possible in the ribbon decorations of white house dresses.

One of the prettiest novelties in costume is the basket of flowers attached to the dress.

Shoulder knots and trimmings are revived, but they are becoming to slender figures only.

Brides' dresses are demi-trained, high in the neck, and with half or three quarters long sleeves.

"Neuralgia hood" is the appropriate name bestowed on a soft black plush hood, lined inside and quilted.

Novelty trimmings of printed cotton sateen bands, with grounds of indigo blue and Turkey red, are used to trim buff Tussore silks, the bands being applique to the silk, with gold braid or cord.

An exquisite toilet for a rosy brunette is of olive vigogne, with silk galloon trimmings in old gold, worn with an old gold straw hat, pale gold feathers, and golden brown velvet lining in the hem.

The Chinese and Japanese styles of headdress are in high vogue among ultra-fashionable New York women, and the stars and heads of the pins they use to thrust through the top-knots are often studded with diamonds, rubies and pearls of rare value.

Among the most costly fabrics for summer evening toilets are zephyr brocades and brocatelles, with brilliantly colored exotics on dark grounds; magnificent Indian tissues, woven with threads of gold or silver; heavy ottomans in all the new artistic shades; lampas, with satin stripes figured with velvet flowers and damasks, with huge single flowers or bouquets in clusters, raised on sheeny satin grounds of primrose, pineapple, cinnamon and golden brown, tearose, shrimp-pink cameo, mauve and endless shades of green.

A pretty and serviceable fabric for adorning summer dresses of white organdie, French muslin, and the like, is a new very sheer cambric, with a solid embroidery covering its entire surface from selvage to selvage, the embroidery being done in exquisite Swiss, Venetian, old Flemish and Irish point patterns. This material will be used for jersey-cut bodices to be attached to skirts covered with ruffles embroidered in a pattern to correspond, the joining of skirt and bodice being concealed by a sash drapery of extremely wide moire or satin ribbon. Children's entire costumes will be made of this elegant material.

Many of the new parasols of silk and satin are lined with Watteau-patterned foulards, with laced arranged on the outside in fan plaitings. These are especially designed for garden party use, coaching and like occasions, and not for the promenade. Other styles are of broche satin, edged with marabout, and all are large and coup-shaped with the flaps on each gore arranged in the same way as last year. The prettiest sunshade seen thus far this season was one covered with biscuit-colored broche satin, wrought sparingly here and there with gold embroidery, and bordered with a wide band of feather trimming of the same color. It was lined with the new China blue, and made a perfect bit of color.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Three artesian wells have been sunk in the corporate limits of Pueblo, Col. the last one more than a year ago. All are over 1,000 feet deep, and one is over 1,300 feet. Each discharges a regular and considerable flow of mineral water, the water from two of them being highly charged with valuable hygienic properties.

There is but one nickel mine in the United States now in operation. It is situated in Lancaster county, Penn. It is 200 feet deep and has been worked seventeen years. The demand for this metal is rapidly increasing. Croppings of nickel are found also in Madison, Iowa and Wayne counties, Mo. The refined metal is worth $3 a pound.

The Volta prize of $6,000 will be awarded by the academies of sciences, Paris, in December, 1887, under the decree of June 11, 1882, for the discovery or invention of whatever shall render electricity applicable, economically, to one of the following objects: Heat, light, chemical action, mechanical force, the transmission of messages, or the treatment of sick persons.

There are produced annually in North America 100,000 barrels of hemlock bark extract, of which a single Boston firm produces 70,000 barrels. All the tanneries of the United States consume annually about 1,250,000 cords of hemlock bark, produced in nine States. As the yield of bark is about seven cords to an acre of hemlock timber, the yearly consumption implies the clearing of 178,000 acres.

Secretary Fisher, of the Illinois department of agriculture, lately received from Colonel John Lynch, of Olney, Ill., several stools of wheat damaged by the new wheat insect, the wheat bulb worm. On the samples were found specimens of this insect in various stages of development, some having as many as five active little fellows at work sapping the life from the plant. The egg is brown and looks much like that of the Hessian fly.

Some experiments noticed by Dr. A. J. Wall indicate that the bite of the American rattlesnake is far less deadly than that of certain snakes found in other parts of the world. In four fatal cases of rattlesnake poisoning in dogs the animals survived for an average period of about two hours and a half after being bitten; and at least five dogs experimented upon recovered completely. The dogs bitten by the Indian cobra all died within an average period of less than thirty-five minutes; and those poisoned by the Australian hoplocephalus lived only one hour and twenty-four minutes.

A Precise Witness.

A witness in court, who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not talk about what he might think the question meant, was interrogated as follows: "You drive a wagon?" "No, sir, I do not." "Why, sir, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?" "No, sir, I did not." "Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath: Do you drive a wagon?" "No, sir." "What is your occupation, then?" "I drive a horse."

The English sparrow has found his way into every city and town in the uth.

SOME BIG FOX STORIES.

TOUGH ONES THEY USED TO TELL IN THE OLD DOMINION.

The Fox Which Took to the Creek—How Reynard Hung Himself Up in a Planter's House.

Fox hunters, as well as fishermen, spin yarns which many a sailor may well envy. Virginia sportsmen in ante-bellum times were famous for their marvelous stories about cunning foxes.

A dozen or so planters, old and young, were gathered in the "office" on the lawn in front of Uncle Jack's modern mansion. They had just returned from an unsuccessful chase. Reynard had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, when his capture seemed certain. After vain endeavors to recover the lost trail hunters and dogs returned disgusted.

Speculation was rife as to how that fox could have escaped.

"Ah!" interjected one of the party, a noted sportsman, who kept a fine pack of hounds, "the instinct of these creatures borders close on reason. Some time since we started an old fox, and after a run of about a mile we lost him at a point on Stony creek. How he contrived to give us the slip we could not imagine. Some two weeks after we started that same fox from the same cover, and we lost him again at the same place. Determined to find out what became of the cunning scamp we placed a negro boy at the point the dogs were at fault. We beat up the same fox. He made for the same point. Hard upon the heels of the dogs we came to the creek. The dogs followed the scent to the edge of the water, sprang in, and swam over.

"'Did you see the fox, Ben?' we asked the boy.

"'Yes, sah! Dah he is!'

"'Where?'

"'Dah!' and he pointed to a mass of overhanging vines, partially submerged in the deep water in the middle of the creek.

"Sure enough, on close inspection, we could see the top of the fox's nose among the vines. He had seized one of the tendrils, which had served to support him."

"Oh!" said Uncle Jack, as he laid his pipe on the round table, and slowly emitted a vast volume of smoke from his capacious mouth; "there's nothing incredible in that story. That was a stupid old fox alongside of mine. You see, boys, we had the same trouble as you did with an old fox that roosts about a mile and a half over yonder, on the edge of the swamp. We lost him on three successive runs, and where do you think he turned up missing? Why right here at this house. Each time the dogs trailed him to the yard, and the scent was lost, apparently, near the house. It was a wonderful mystery, and we could not understand it; and there's my dogs. You know them, and old Rip in particular. He is not easily fooled.

"Well, I volunteered to stay at home, and the boys went one day with the hounds to try and rustle that sly fox up. They had been gone about an hour, when I heard old Rip's voice, way off in the valley. The cry came nearer, and I knew they were on a warm trail. I stood at that window and watched. It was not long before I caught a glimpse of the fox streaking it across the pasture and making straight for the house. He clambered over the rail fence, dropped down in the lane and came straight to the gate. Now, you know there is a paling fence around the lawn—and I was anxious to see, if he got over, how he would manage it. Well, sirs, that fox went straight to the gate. It is of lattice work, and swings to with a weight on the inside. What do you think my fox did? He raised up, put his forepaws through the lattice work, slowly backed out, pulling the gate open. When he had it pretty wide open, he suddenly let go, whisked around the gate and scurried in, the gate closing with a bang just after he was safely inside. I was astonished—slightly. Inside the lawn, my fox looked cautiously around. The coast was clear. He came up to the house and scampered around to the rear. I went to the back window and peeped out. The fox was on the veranda. He sprang upon the railing which surrounds the veranda, and walked cautiously along it to the side of the house. I could no longer see him from the window, so I went to the door and cautiously looked out. The fox had disappeared. Now, boys, what do you think that fox of mine had done with himself? Come out here and I will show you."

We all walked out.

"You see all these skins hanging here—wild cats, coons, 'possums, foxes and others; and you see that stuffed fox hanging on that nail. Well, you see this nail in the house, near the railing, and next to that stuffed fox. Well, sirs, my fox had leaped from the railing, caught the nail in his mouth, and there he hung alongside of his deceased brother!"

"And the dogs!" inquired several eagerly.

"Oh! they came yelping in, rushed around the house; went upon the veranda, and raised old cain generally. The skins were old acquaintances, and they never looked for a live fox hanging up five or six feet from the floor."

"And did you capture the fox, Uncle Jack?"

"Capture that fox, sir? No, sir! Do you think I have no regard, sir, for the laws of hospitality? Take an advantage of even an animal that sought protection under my roof? No, sir! No! We kenneled the dogs, went into the house by the front door, and watched to see what our fox would do. In about ten minutes we heard him drop. All was quiet. He crept to the stairs leading up to the veranda, looked slowly and cautiously around, turned his head and glanced up at the row of skins, and his stuffed brother, and laughed. Yes, sirs, that fox laughed—and then he bolted."—*Texas Siftings.*

'Twas Ever Thus.

Nearly all the great statesmen of the present day can look back to the time when they would rather stand in the mud and water up to their knees and fish for bull-heads than help plant potatoes in the best garden in the country. Even the best kind of a boy, who is willing to work like a major at any other season of the year, seems to have a fearful falling out with all manner of labor in the spring. But somehow the spring garden is made each year, and the boy grows up to manhood, and finally has a boy of his own, and a garden that demands attention; then it seems that when he wants his boy to help in the garden, and fifteen minutes later finds him in the street playing marbles, he forgets how it was when he was a boy himself, and he argues with his boy with a hoe-handle. 'Twas ever thus.—*Peck's Sun.*

Messrs. Minkman & Co., publishers of Arnheim, in Holland, have begun printing their publications in blue ink on a light green paper. This method, they state, gives great relief to the eye of the reader.

A Man Tossed Sixty Feet High.

John Woods, a chopper in a logging camp near Seattle, W. T., had a terrible loss recently. He was standing on the tower end of a log waiting for a tree to fall. The tree came down on the raised end of the log, throwing up the end on which he stood with great force and giving him a toss in the air of sixty feet, as described by others standing by. He came down in the tree tops, breaking his collar bone, tearing his flesh and inflicting other injuries.

A girl who is "worth her weight in gold," if she weighs 120 pounds, may be rated at $30,000.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

An Article that Will Make the Bald and Gray Rejoice.

Many of the hair dressings of the day are excellent, but the great mass of the stuffs sold for promoting the growth and bringing back the original color, are mere humbugs, while not a few are pernicious in their effects upon the scalp and hair. The falling out of the hair, the accumulations of dandruff, and the premature change in color are all evidences of a diseased condition of the scalp and the glands which nourish the hair. To arrest these causes the article used must possess medical as well as chemical virtues, and the change must begin under the scalp to be of permanent and lasting benefit. Petroleum oil is the article which is made to work such extraordinary results; but it is after the best refined article has been chemically treated, and completely deodorized, that it is in proper condition for the toilet and receives the name of Carboline. It was in far-off Russia that the effects of petroleum upon the hair were first observed; a government officer having noticed that a partially bald-headed servant of his, when trimming the lamps, had a habit of wiping his oil-besmeared hands in his scanty locks, and the result was, in a few months, a much finer head of black, glossy hair than he ever had before. The oil was tried on horses and cattle that had lost their hair from cattle plague, and the results were marvelous. The manes and tails of horses, which had fallen out, were completely restored in a few weeks. These experiments were heralded to the world, but no one in civilized society could tolerate the use of refined petroleum as a dressing for the hair. But the skill of one of our chemists has overcome the difficulty, and he has succeeded in perfecting Carboline, rendering it as dainty as the famous eau de cologne. Experiments on the human hair and skin were attended with the most astonishing results. A few applications, where the hair was thin and falling, gave remarkable tone and vigor to the scalp and the hair. Every particle of dandruff disappears on the first or second dressing, all cutaneous disease of the skin and scalp are rapidly and permanently healed, and the liquid seems to penetrate to the root of the hair at once. It is well known that the most beautiful colors are made from petroleum, and by some mysterious operation of nature the use of this article gradually imparts a beautiful light brown color to the hair, which by continued use deepens to black. The color remains permanent, and the change is so gradual that the most intimate friends can scarcely detect its progress. In a word, it is the most wonderful discovery of the age, and well calculated to make the prematurely bald and gray rejoice. Carboline is put up in a neat and attractive manner and sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines. Price one dollar a bottle. Kennedy & Co., Pittsburg, Pa., general agents for the United States and Canadas.

We advise our readers to give it a trial, feeling satisfied that one application will convince them of its wonderful effects.

Why is the Hudson a lazy river? It lies in bed day and night.

"Do Likewise."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' In three months I was *perfectly cured*. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them *and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply*. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the treatment and were much better already."—Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, New Castle, Me.

BONANZA MACKEY has bought Victor Emanuel's country seat in Italy for $103,000.

When your wife's health is bad, when your children are sickly, when you feel worn out, use Brown's Iron Bitters.

THE Presbyterians have eighty-eight place of worship in Philadelphia.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "Little Liver Pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25c. per vial, by druggists.

VOLTAIRE'S house in France is now used as a depository for Bibles.

WOLFVILLE, N. C.—Dr. I. C. McLaughlin says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for vertigo, and I now feel like a new man."

A FERRYBOAT is like "a good rule," because it works both ways.

"Beauty Unadorned (with Pimples) is Adorned the Most.

If you desire a fair complexion free from pimples, blotches and eruptions, take Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

WHY does a man sneeze three times? Because he cannot help it.

ELKTON, Ky.—Dr. E. B. Weathers says: "I regard Brown's Iron Bitters as a medicine of unusual worth."

The Frazer Axle Grease

Is the best in the market. It is the most economical and cheapest, one box lasting as long as two of any other. One greasing will last two weeks. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Expositions, also medals at various State fairs. Buy no other.

25 Cents

Will buy a TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES. Book of 100 pages, valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid. NEW YORK HORSE BOOK CO., 134 Leonard Street, New York City.

Are you bilious? Try the remedy that cured Mrs. Clement, of Franklin, N. H.—Hood's Sarsaparilla, made in Lowell, Mass.

That Husband of Mine

Is three times the man he was before using Wells' Health Renewer. $1. Druggists.

If you feel depressed in mind and body, or have a touch of general debility or malaria, try GASTRINE. It gives tone to the stomach and promotes thorough digestion. Druggists.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging irritation, inflammation, Kidney, Urinary complaints, cured by Buchupaiba. $1.

A Veteran Soldier.

MR. G. F. BOWLES, of No. 24 Common Street, Lynn, Mass., says:

"While in the army, at the battle of Spottsylvania, I fell while getting over a rail fence and was badly injured and left for dead, but after a time I was picked up by comrades; upon examination it was found that my back was badly hurt and my kidneys seriously injured, and I have suffered the most excruciating pain since, and could obtain no relief although treated by several physicians, and I had given up all hope of getting help when I was recommended to use Hunt's Remedy. I purchased several bottles at one of our drug stores in Lynn, and began to use it as directed, and can now attend to business, and am free from the pains I formerly had; and I wish to say to my friends and comrades that Hunt's Remedy will do all that is claimed for it, and is worthy of all praise. You can use my testimony when you have occasion to, as I most heartily recommend it to all that have kidney or liver troubles."

April 26, 1883.

"You May Use My Name."

I desire to inform you what your valuable medicine has done for me. I was induced to try it by a member of our family, "who had been benefited by its use." I have suffered terribly from kidney difficulties. At times I have been very bad, having severe pains in my back, with general loss of strength and vitality.

My urine was very bad, with a heavy sediment of brick-dust, which was fast leading to gravel. I commenced using Hunt's Remedy, with a marked improvement from the start; the pains left, the urine became more natural, and I can truly say *one bottle effected a permanent cure*.

I have recommended it to many persons both here and in Boston, all of whom speak of it with the highest praise.

You are at liberty to use this letter or my name in any manner you may think best, that other sufferers may learn the value of the greatest of all remedies. Most truly yours, JOHN F. COX,

62 Pleasant Street.

Malden, Mass., April 23, 1883.

An Editor's Testimonial.

A. M. Vaughn, editor of the "Greenwich Review," Greenwich, O., writes: Last January I met with a very severe accident, caused by a runaway horse. I used almost every kind of salve to heal the wounds, which turned to running sores, but found nothing to do me any good till I was recommended Henry's Carbolic Salve. I bought a box and it helped me at once, and at the end of two months I was completely well. It is the best salve in the market, and I never fail of telling my friends about it, and urge them to use it whenever they need a salve.

Dunno's Catarrh Snuff cures all affections of the mucous membrane of the head and throat.

25 Cents will buy a TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES. Book of 100 pages, valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid. NEW YORK HORSE BOOK CO., 134 Leonard Street, New York City.

See Here, Young Men,

that girl of mine is twice as handsome since she commenced using Carboline, the deodorized extract of Petroleum, and I would not be without it for a fortune.

STRAIGHTEN your boots & shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, and wear them again.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick relief; complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
Beef cattle, good to prime t w	7	@	9¼
Calves, com'n to prime veals	6¾	@	7
Sheep	4½	@	6
Lambs	5¾	@	7½
Hogs—Live	6¾	@	7¼
Dressed, city	8¾	@	9¾
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	4 35	@	6 00
West., good to choice	4 55	@	7 60
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 22	@	1 24
No. 1 White	1 15	@	1 15⅝
Rye—State	73	@	76
Barley—Two-rowed State	85	@	92½
Corn—Ungrad. West. mixed	57	@	65½
Yellow Southern	68	@	70
Oats—White State	54	@	56½
Mixed Western	45	@	49
Hay—Med. to ch. Timothy	70	@	85
Straw—No. 1, Rye	50	@	60
Lard—City Steam	10 75	@	11 15
Butter—State Creamery	22	@	23
Dairy	12	@	23
West. Im. Creamery	12	@	17
Factory	11	@	16
Cheese—State Factory	9½	@	11¾
Skims	2	@	7
Western	8	@	10
Eggs—State and Penn	18½	@	19
Potatoes—State bbl	2 25	@	2 50
BUFFALO.			
Steers—Good to Choice	5 90	@	6 15
Lambs—Western	5 00	@	6 40
Sheep—Western	4 70	@	5 40
Hogs—Good to choice Yorks.	6 50	@	7 00
Flour—Cy ground n. process.	7 50	@	8 00
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 22¾	@	1 25
Corn—No. 2, Mixed New	51	@	61
Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western	47	@	47¾
Barley—Two-rowed State	80	@	80
BOSTON.			
Beef—Ex. plate and family	16 00	@	17 00
Hogs—Live	7¾	@	8¼
Northern Dressed	9¼	@	10
Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl	17 00	@	17 50
Flour—Winter Wheat patents	7 00	@	7 25
Corn—High Mixed	72	@	73
Oats—Extra White	60	@	61
R